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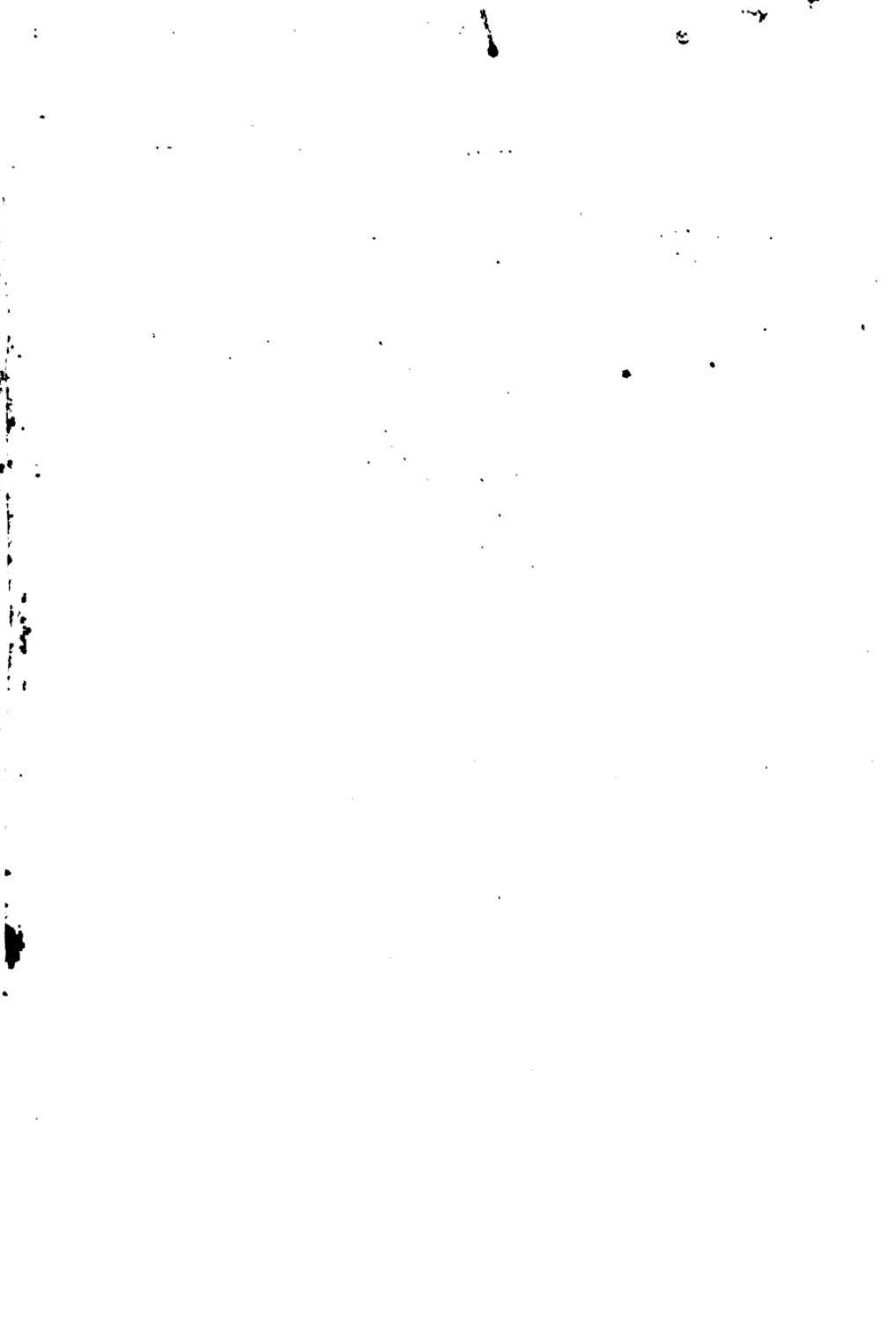
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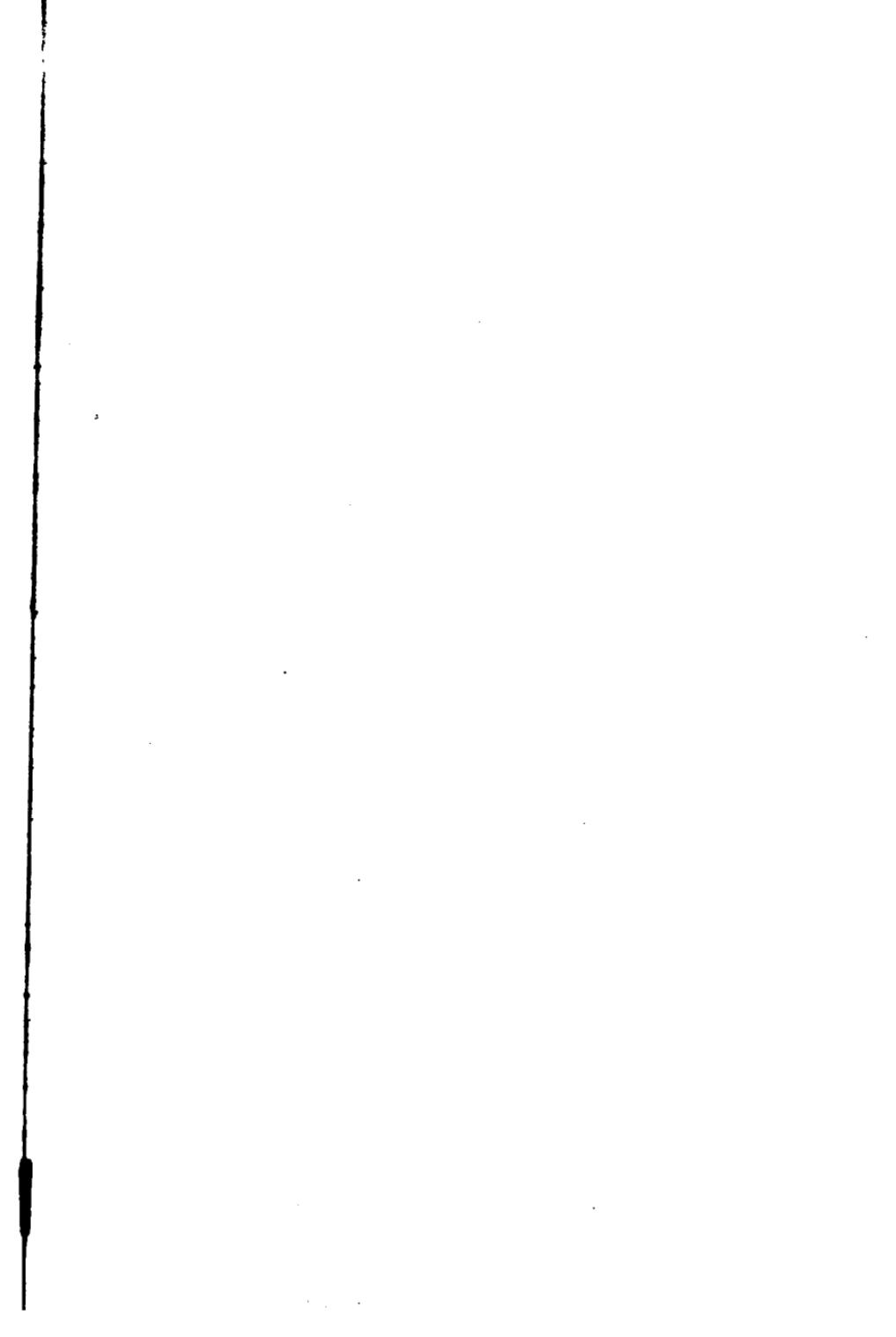
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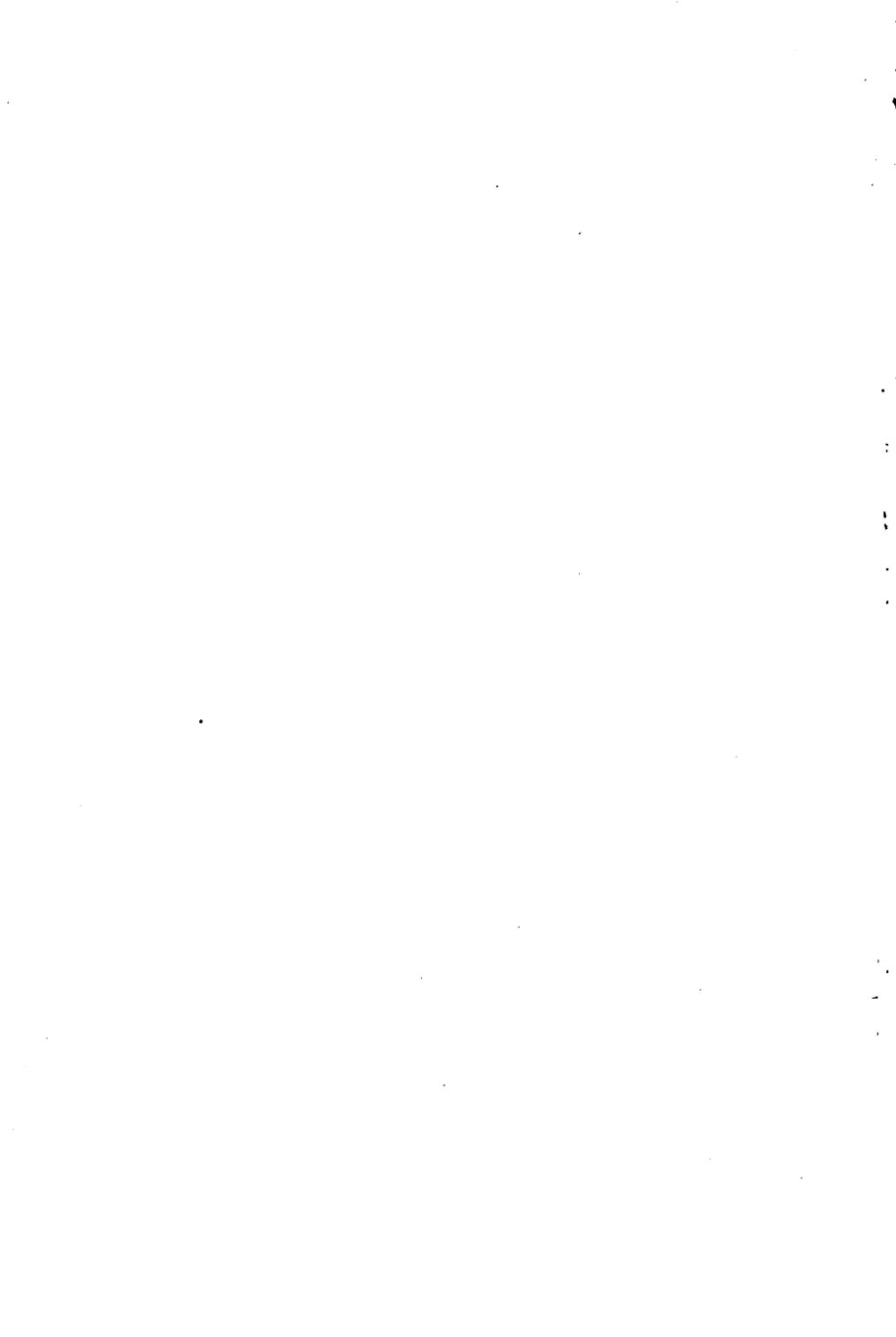
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THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ECONOMICS





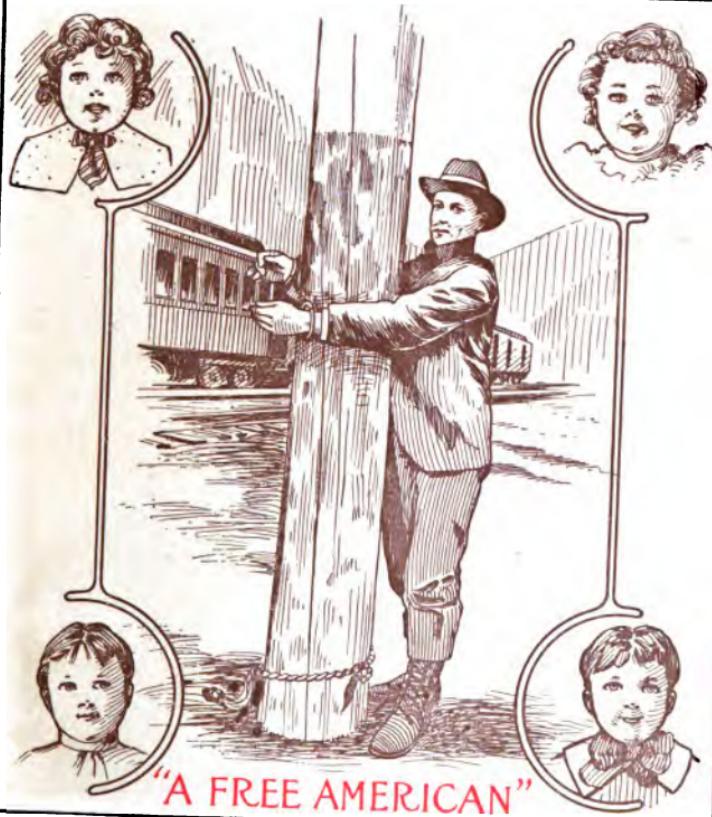




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THE FOUR ORPHANS

A TALE OF
20th CENTURY SLAVES



BY H.W. MANGOLD AND O. LUND
APPEAL TO REASON PRESS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

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THE
Four Orphans

BY

*H. W. Mangold
and O. Lund*



Published by
H. W. Mangold and O. Lund
Spokane, Washington
1905



From the
Quarterly Journal
of Economics.

DEDICATED

To the Western Federation of
Miners, who, by its manly
struggle for Justice, has raised
a cry of protest that has been
heard around the world.

PREFACE.

In view of the fact that many writers have recently pointed out the dangers of the concentration of wealth, giving many working illustrations of the breaking down of popular government as an effect of the concentration, and offering, at best, nothing but palliatives to remedy the evils which they point out, should be sufficient excuse for this work.

To cure the ills of society, we should go below the mere surface indications and ascertain the causes producing the ills, and treat the causes, rather than the effects. This would bring us down to the real functions of society. What are they? What is the duty of society to the individual, and what is the duty of the individual to society? Should the functions and duties of society remain as they were when everything was in a primitive state, or should the functions of society change in accord with the evolution of man and industry?

This brings us to another set of questions; what effect has environment on the individual? How much are the morals, ethics, and character, of the individual moulded by his surroundings?

The verbal answers to these questions will be satisfactory, and pretty much in accord, but the practical answer, the answer society gives by its everyday existence, is not in accord with its verbal answer by any means.

Many writers, delving into the corruption permeating city, state and national life, lay before us a nauseating mess that is appalling. More appalling still is the fact that the

big business men, the men we have been taught to revere as the embodiment of honesty and virtue, are the cause of the overthrow of popular government. They show that where there is a bribe taker there is a bribe giver, the former despised and the latter honored! They show that while statesmen have been crying: "Beware, or the trusts will own the nation!" the trusts have kept on, silently and insiduously, until they own the nation, absolutely, and are conducting its affairs in their own interest.

Having turned on the search-light, having shown that the election of honest men is one of the favorite methods used to overthrow popular government, and deliver the nation into the control of the trusts, these writers absurdly offer no remedy but to continue electing honest men! Continue the system which has produced the corruption!

I believe there is a better remedy; the story gives my argument.

Students of economics will please bear in mind that a work of this nature must, necessarily, leave much unsaid, or but lightly touched.

CHAPTER I.

MEMORIAL DAY.

In a little village in southern Illinois the patriotic liberty loving people of the town and surrounding country had gathered to honor their heroic dead.

It was only ten years after the close of the civil war, that greatest fratricidal contest that has ever been known.

The orator of the day was a man of striking appearance; tall, well built, with flashing eagle-like eyes, coal black hair, and a long drooping mustache; dressed in a General's uniform, with clanking sword trailing at his side, his looks bespoke a born fighter and leader of men.

He had risen from humble life, step by step, doing his duty as he saw it and spurred on by his noble impulses until he had won his General's stripes.

Many of the men in the audience were boyhood playmates, and many more were friends and comrades who had learned to honor and love this man, by whose side they had fought many a hard battle, and who had shared with him the lonely vigil, the half rations, the storms, trials and privations of a soldier's life.

It is no wonder, then, that after the singing of several hymns and a short introductory speech by the master of ceremonies, the audience burst forth in spontaneous applause as the chairman, proud in his reflected greatness, led forward the speaker of the day, General John A. Logan.

Waiting with bared head, bowing right and left until the applause subsided, he began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Comrades: We are gathered today to honor, as best we can by our loving acts, those gallant heroes who gave up their lives, freely and cheerfully, in the most sacred cause in which man may die.

"'Liberty! Freedom!' The cry that has been forever on the lips of men from the beginning of civilization. The cry that was uppermost in the minds of our forefathers when they wrote the immortal Declaration of Independence, and hurled defiance at the 'Divine right of Kings'!

"'Liberty! Freedom!' The two beacons which for ages have been the guiding stars of humanity, which have caused forest and plain to run red with the blood of patriots and martyrs.

"When I look out over this throng and see the bent, grey-haired father and mother, clothed in mourning; when I see the young wife in black, with her children by her side; when I see the maiden in black, with a plain ring on her front finger, I know that it is vain in me to try to tell them the import of those words. When I look over this assembly and see the men with one arm gone, some with both arms gone; men with one leg gone, some with both gone; when I see the maimed, crippled, blind, deaf martyrs which meet my gaze, turn which way I will, I feel that no words I can utter will impress you as do these living examples.

"When Jefferson wrote that: 'all men are created free and equal and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' it is not known whether the black man was included in that declaration or not. Many contended that he was, and others that he was not. We now know that a mistake, a fearful mistake, was made in not declaring

that the black man *was* a man, and *was included in that declaration.*

“Right, Truth, and Justice will prevail in time, though untold suffering and cruelties may have to be endured before they triumph.

“It has cost us dearly to discover that slavery is wrong, that the black man is our brother, and that an injustice to anyone, black or white, high or low, is an injustice to each and all of us, to society as a whole, and that society as a whole will suffer for it.

“I can see those new made mounds in the city of the dead, to which we will soon repair to honor in our feeble manner those sleeping heroes who perished that Freedom might live.

“We would wish them back with us again, to again clasp their hand, hear their merry laugh, have them rejoice with us that slavery, the foulest blot, the most terrible pestilence, the most blighting, withering curse that can possibly fall upon a people, degrading both slave and master alike, is gone.

“We would have them rejoice with us that the Stars and Stripes now wave over a free people, that the four million blacks who were formerly whipped, hounded, and scourged are now free.

“We would have them know that Cain’s question: ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’ has been answered in the affirmative.

“As we, with loving hands, place those tear-sprinkled garlands of roses, snowballs, lilies, and bleeding hearts on the mounds where lie our loved ones, let us vow to never relax our vigilance in guarding that liberty which has been so dearly bought.

“May we each and all remember, as our tears drop on

those wreaths, lying on ground consecrated to freedom, that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'

"Let us so live that Slavery can never again raise its foul head on American soil; let us so live that when the resurrection day shall come, and those we mourn today meet us again we shall not have to tell them that they who fought the good fight fought in vain.

"Many of you I know personally, many of you have been by my side where the fire was hottest; have seen these comrades whom we honor, fall; have borne them from the field, or held their heads in your laps, receiving their last message to the wife soon to be a widow, the children soon to be fatherless; poured water in their famished lips as their life-blood crimsoned the earth; to these personal friends, to every man who wore the blue, let me appeal to sacredly guard this great trust which has been placed in our hands.

"Let us guard zealously the freedom for which that great, lion-hearted son of Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, gave his life.

"May our children, and the children of those honored patriots even unto the third and fourth generation, look back and say, 'Well done.'"

* * * * *

Seated in the audience that day was a woman dressed in mourning. By her side were four boys ranging in age from nine years down to three. The woman was poorly dressed in shabby black, and clean, but honest poverty was plainly written on both her and her children.

Each of them held a massive wreath of flowers, and the woman sat with bowed head and free flowing tears during the service.

At the conclusion of the address, the woman and chil-

dren joined the procession to the cemetery, where they soon found a grave surmounted by a headstone which read: "Charles M. Brown, aged 45 years."

Tenderly the wreaths were placed on the mound, and then in a frantic burst of grief the woman leaned on the headstone and gave vent to a violent fit of weeping, in which the children feebly joined.

* * * * *

Charles Brown and Margaret Dempsey were engaged to be married when the Civil War broke out, and when Lincoln called for more men, Charlie—as every one called him—feeling that his first duty was to his country, enlisted.

He left one arm on the battle field at Gettysburg; but that loss did not prevent Margaret marrying him when he came home.

He had bought forty acres of land with a few improvements, paying part cash and giving a mortgage to secure the remainder.

Bravely he and Margaret set to work to make themselves a home, but with the money required to make improvements the mortgage was unpaid and two years past due when Charlie took pneumonia and died.

He had been dead only six months at the time of this scene. Margaret loved him with her whole soul, and, hard as had been their battle with poverty, she had never for an instant regretted her marriage.

The Browns both inherited a strong patriotic sentiment. Charlie had taken great pride in the fact that his great-grandfather had been with Washington at Valley Forge. Margaret's grandfather had been an officer in the War of 1812, and at the close of the war had been for many years a highly honored District Judge, esteemed by all for

his absolute, unwavering sense of fairness and justice.

Charlie had been beloved by all with whom he came in contact. He was absolutely honest, and true to the core. His word was as good as his bond. His voice was always lifted in aid of the downtrodden and unfortunate.

Margaret was emotional and sympathetic, with a strong religious temperament. She was the soul of honor and scorned even a "white lie."

It is no wonder, then, as we glance in the faces of the four boys standing at their father's grave, that we should see those characteristics which go to make good manhood, good husbands, and good citizens; those attributes which make good nations.

Honesty, independence, love of liberty, and justice was what had raised America from a wilderness peopled with savages to the foremost place among the nations of the world. The refuge and haven for the oppressed and downtrodden of the rest of the civilized world, fleeing from the curse of king-craft and priest-craft. "America! the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

When Margaret Brown and her four sons were returning to their humble home to take up the burden of their lives again, after paying this tribute to the memory of their beloved dead, a fatal accident occurred.

Going down a steep hill, about two miles out of town, the breast strap on the old harness gave way, letting the wagon-tongue down. The horses took fright and ran down the hill at breakneck speed. Margaret bravely tried to guide the frantic horses, trusting that when the foot of the hill was reached, and the wagon ceased to run against the horses, to be able to control them.

Nearing the bottom of the hill the wagon swerved from

the track, struck a stump and upset, hurling the occupants in all directions. Margaret struck against a tree and was lifeless when the neighbors, who were following close behind, picked her up. The boys were badly shaken and scratched, but not seriously hurt.

Tenderly the kindhearted neighbors lifted her lifeless form into the wagon, the boys were placed in another wagon which had driven up, where they crouched, awe-stricken and dazed, like frightened young birds.

Two days later Margaret Brown lay in the graveyard beside her husband, on whose grave yet remained the withered wreaths of roses and bleeding-hearts.

As the coffin was lowered into the grave, the minister, as the first earth dropped noisily on the boards, repeated the words: "Dust thou art; to dust thou shalt return."

CHAPTER II.

TWENTIETH CENTURY POLITICS.

"Is everybody here?" inquired the secretary of the association, looking inquisitively around the sumptuous reception room.

"There is enough, anyhow; this is only an informal meeting, you know, and some of the members may not come," replied a man of perhaps thirty-two years.

"What is the program, boys, what do you want to do?" said a portly, red-faced, well-groomed man, Mr. Henry Sampler.

"Well, we want to discuss these candidates and agree on someone to nominate whom we can handle. We have got to kill this d---d eight-hour agitation somehow," answered George Dudley, the secretary, "I wish Parrish would come; he promised me he would be here, sure."

"Oh, he'll be here all right, he's more interested than anyone. Here he is now. Hello, Parrish; hurry up, we're waiting for you," said another of the assembled party of gentlemen, of whom there were twenty or more.

"Well, here I am. What's been done?" asked the newcomer, stepping leisurely to a seat beside Mr. Dudley.

"It's like this, we've got to see what can be done to fix up a ticket so as to knock out this eight-hour agitation."

"That's easy. You can't knock it out, it's like the good book says about the poor: 'ye have it with ye always,'" said the man addressed as Parrish. "What we've got to do is to go with public opinion, nominate a ticket of eight-hour men

from Governor down, but men we can depend on to look after our interests when they're called on, see? Then when we've elected the ticket it's a long, long shot from that to passing a law. But give them a law, give 'em anything they want, but fix the wording right. Put a rider on, kill it anyway, make it so it will be declared unconstitutional. There's a thousand different ways to fool the chumps, called the public; but it's a poor waste of time trying to change public opinion, at least on short notice. The best way is to have the candidates all stand for what the public thinks it wants."

"That's all right, Parrish, but we've already had an eight-hour law declared unconstitutional, and now the d——d laborers are demanding an amendment to the Constitution so as to make the law constitutional. That's what we're up against," said Mr. Sampler.

"I know it. But you see if we work it right we can prevent the law being passed. Now here is the situation: Public opinion is worked up so that the amendment, going direct to the people, will be sure to carry. Now to try to change the sentiment in the time we have to work in is foolish; in fact, we worked along that line several times before, and I don't believe we *can* change it. Our scheme must be to name the candidates on *both* tickets, and elect enough of both tickets to tie the legislature, see? Then each party can lay the blame on the other. Or, if we *can't* do anything else, pass a bill so amended that it will be of no avail."

"I believe Parrish is right," remarked a short, stocky built man, who had taken no part in the discussion before, crossing the room to a small table, taking up a sheet of paper and reaching for a pencil. "Now who of all these fellows

that we've been boozing in the papers is the best man for us; who is our man to head the Republican ticket?"

"Jim Peanuckle from Grand Crossing is our safest man. He's a banker, and of course is in sympathy with us," said Parrish.

"Yes, Peanuckle is a good man," asserted a small, wiry, sharp-visaged gentleman, "he's got no record to handicap us, he's a good mixer, and we can depend on him."

"I don't know about Peanuckle," objected the secretary, "I'm acquainted with him. I'm afraid that if it comes to a pinch and there should be trouble, and we had to call out the militia, or take some extreme measures, he'd weaken; especially if the 'dear public' should not be in full accord with us. I'd sooner have some man that's been tried."

"That's so," said Mr. Sampler, "these 'good fellows' are generally weak in the knees. Honor them with an office and they are on the straddle all the time, trying to keep solid with all classes."

"I'll vouch for Peanuckle. You fellows forget that a man's private interests are the ruling factor in guiding his actions. Further, while he is known only as a banker he has considerable mining interests. Banking and mining are closely allied, naturally, but in a community like ours they are virtually one; so he is with us by his class interests. The fact that he is a little wobbly in the knees is in his favor, for it makes it the more certain that we, with the arguments we can bring into play, can influence him in our favor," said Mr. Parrish.

"I'll tell you what I'm in favor of," said Mr. Pickett, a large, smooth-faced, good-natured looking man of fifty years. "Let's leave the whole thing with Parrish, Sampler, Dudley, Hamilton and Smith. Dudley is the Chairman of the

State Central Committee and knows all the party workers in the state. Smith is Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee and knows all his men that we can tie to. Five men can work better than twenty-five, and as our time is short we must work fast. I'm in favor of leaving the whole matter to these five men. Let them prepare a list of candidates for both the Republican and Democratic tickets, and an estimate as to the amount of money that will be needed to elect those we want from each ticket. Then let Dudley send a notice to each member of the Mine Owners' Association that there will be an important meeting, and we'll get together and agree on the candidates and pledge what money will be needed."

"Well, that will probably be as good a plan as any, as our meeting today is only informal," said Parrish.

"All right then," said Sampler. "It's understood that Dudley is to notify us, so let's adjourn."

And the first meeting of the eminently respectable gentlemen who rule the Centennial state dispersed in good order and harmony.

CHAPTER III.

INTRODUCING THE MATCH-MAKER.

The first strains of the Grand March were sounding as Charlie Peck entered the ballroom. Seating himself he watched the dancers, smiling and speaking to acquaintances as they marched past him; and while he watches we will take a look at him.

He was nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, muscular looking, and with that indescribable air about him that stamps him as a leader of men. He looked to be thirty-five to thirty-eight years of age. His brown hair was beginning to recede a little at the temples, and a heavy brown mustache barely covered a large scar that extended from his nose down past the right side of his mouth.

He seemed to be a general favorite, judging by the smiles and nods of recognition he received, and as soon as the march ended a lady advanced and greeted him cordially.

"Good evening, Charlie, I thought you were not coming."

"I couldn't get here sooner, Mrs. Kimmel; one of the men got hurt today, so I had to go to the hospital and see how he was getting along."

"Tom Jones, wasn't it? I heard of it. Those awful mines! Dear me, it seems as though they're getting to be worse death traps all the time! But we can't help that now; I've got another girl picked out for you and I want you to come and be introduced before she gets her program filled out."

"Ha, ha! You keep right on picking out girls for me as though you felt sure of finally getting one that will suit, and winning that new calico dress."

"Calico! Calico! Well you've got your nerve, as usual! This is the best and sweetest of all the many nice girls I've picked out for you, and nothing less than a silk dress will pay for my trouble," playfully tapping him on the arm and leading the way to a merry party at the opposite side of the room.

"Miss Walsh, let me introduce Mr. Peck," said Mrs. Kimmel, addressing a young woman with one of those faces best described as a "baby face"—fresh, clear, innocent, confiding and sweet. One of those faces that a person wants to kiss at sight, especially if the "person" be a man.

Miss Walsh acknowledged the introduction with a slight bow and an expansion of her habitual smile, while Charlie partly extended his hand, then withdrew it, and timidly asked the privilege of the next dance.

"Dear me, Mr. Peck, the next is engaged, but I have no partner for the first waltz; you may have that if you like," holding out her card.

Charlie wrote his name on the card in a rather scrawling hand, and turned to greet some friends who came up at this moment.

Left an orphan at a tender age, Charlie Peck had been adopted by an aged, puritanical, Presbyterian, Yankee couple, named Peck, who gave him their name, and made life so miserable for the bright, healthy boy, with their hard work on the farm, and harder, more grinding, religious training, that at the age of fourteen he had run away.

He had drifted around, a small chip in the sea of life, receiving many hard knocks as the waves of adversity

dashed him against the rocky shores, and finally found himself in Denver at the age of twenty-two; from whence he drifted into the mining districts, landing finally at Lame Brook, where we now find him attending the annual ball of the Miners' Union.

The life he had led was not conducive to the acquisition of those little niceties of act and speech which are required in polite society, and he was painfully conscious of his short-comings as he tried to adjust his six feet of height to the five feet three of Miss Walsh, to avoid trampling on her feet and her skirts at the same time.

"You have not been long in Lame Brook, Miss Walsh?" queried he, finding a seat for her as the strains of the waltz died away.

"No, only two weeks. I am stenographer for Mr. Par-
rish, the President of the Golden Goose."

"Indeed! Well, I am one of his slaves, too. I work
in the Golden Goose."

"Why do you say 'slave?' Is he a hard master? He
seems very nice to everybody in the office."

"Oh no! not at all. In fact as masters go he is a pretty
good one, but we are all slaves to some master, and the fact
of the master being kind or harsh is only an incident."

"But why should you say 'slave' when your employer
is not harsh or unjust? I feel very free, myself."

"It is not a question of masters, but a question of slav-
ery, of injustice. Now you say you are free, but are you
not a slave in reality? Don't you have to find a master,
some one who will employ you?"

"Yes, but having found an employer, I am under no
obligations to continue in his employment if his wages or

his treatment are not agreeable. You surely don't call that slavery, do you?" she replied, coloring a trifle.

"True, you can change masters, but so long as you have to find some one, remember, who is willing to employ you—"

"None of that, Charlie," interrupted Mrs. Kimmel, bustling up to them; "Dolly is under my protecting wing, and I'm not going to have you causing her to think that there are any hidden, invisible chains rattling about her ankles. I wrote her folks that I would be a mother to her when she came out here. I got her a situation with Mr. Parrish, and she is satisfied and doing well, so beware, Mr. Charlie," laughingly.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Kimmel, we dropped into that subject quite by accident, I assure you. How is John coming on with the new store?"

"Nicely. He is moving in and is so rushed that he couldn't come with me tonight, although he promised to call and take me home; so I had to come with Dolly and her escort, Mr. Wall. There is John now. Come over, Charlie, and get better acquainted with Dolly—she is staying with me, you know," and Mrs. Kimmel went away to join her husband.

Mr. Wall came up at this juncture, claiming a dance with Miss Walsh, and it was with a touch of regret, if not actual jealousy, that Charlie saw her hand placed on his arm and watched them gliding away in a two-step, she smiling up in his face with a coquettish smile, and Mr. Wall the embodiment of culture, grace and ease.

CHAPTER IV.

BENY TELLS ABOUT CLASSES IN SOCIETY.

"Who is this Mr. Peck?" asked Miss Walsh of her escort as they were returning home that night.

"Oh, he's the President of the Miners' Union here; just a common ignorant fellow that has made himself popular—just why I can't see," replied Beny Wall.

"Kimmels' folks seem to join in the regard for him."

"I can understand that well enough. Kimmel used to be a miner himself and worked with this man Peck. But since Kimmel has got into business and is doing well, I can't understand why he continues on the same footing with that class that he did when he was down," replied Mr. Wall with a tone of disgust, and a straightening of his form.

Mr. Wall was cashier of the Lame Brook National Bank, the owner of ten thousand dollars of stock in the institution, drew a salary of two hundred dollars a month, and consequently thought himself very much of a superior sort of man.

"But I don't see, Mr. Wall, why that should make any difference, and besides you are not very consistent. You were quite friendly yourself with Mr. Peck tonight, and, further, there were some of the best of the business and professional men and their wives there, mingling with those miners."

"Yes, I know. But that is only a matter of policy, purely a business transaction. The miners are by far the largest class of our population; they draw good wages, and

that explains why the better classes associate with them; especially at the annual ball of their union, which they always try to make a big affair, a society event of importance."

"But surely you don't object to these people simply because they are working men, do you? You don't believe in classes and class distinctions, do you?" asked Miss Walsh.

"To be candid with you, I do. The wealthy classes really have always felt there was a class line—not clearly defined, it's true—between them and the poorer classes—the wage earners. But for business reasons they have never said so. It is one of those things all recognize as existent, but all tacitly ignore. But the miners themselves have now come out boldly and declare the existence of classes, and try very hard to stir up class hatred and antagonisms, and they have come out flat-footed for Socialism."

"And what is Socialism?"

"It is a very benevolent plan to rob the wealthy of their savings and accumulations of years, and give them over to an ignorant, lazy rabble of loafers, and villains. This man Peck is one of the leaders in the benevolent movement. They claim that it will result in the abolishment of all classes—be a veritable heaven on earth. But I want to be excused from being put on the same level, or being in the same class with these gentlemen who are so philanthropic—with other people's money."

"Where do the women come in, in your classification? I am a worker myself, and according to your ideas am not in your class," asked she, rather stiffly.

"Oh, no, beg pardon! You misunderstand me entirely. The class lines are not well defined, especially in regard to women. You see the educated, cultured people, among the

workers, and especially women, are received into the very best society. Oh no, I assure you that a lady occupying a position of trust and responsibility, as you do, a cultured, educated woman, is respected by the best people and welcomed as one of their class. Our acquaintance is rather short, Miss Walsh, but I feel sure you recognize that there is an indefinable line between yourself and the low, ignorant woman doing menial work in someone's kitchen. Now be candid, don't you?"

"Well, I must say yes, but still I don't know *why* I say it."

"That's it! We can't say why it's so, but still we feel that it is true. Now I am a worker myself, but I feel—yes I *know*—that I'm not in the same class with those miners, and no amount of declarations of equality can make me feel different," exclaimed Mr. Wall, rather proud of this burst of intelligence.

The conversation drifted into other channels until the home-of the Kimmels was reached, and Mr. Wall bade his fair companion good night.

CHAPTER V.

THE MATCH-MAKER IS DISCOURAGED.

The calls of Beny Wall and Charlie Peck on Miss Walsh became a regular thing, and as the weeks rolled into months the gossips at Lame Brook were busy with the affairs of this trio.

“Charlie, we have just got in some of the loveliest fall silks at the store, that we have ever had. Will I have to buy one, or are you going to pay that debt?” quizzed Mrs. Kimmel one evening in the early fall when Charlie dropped in on his way to lodge.

“I’ll surely not pay any debts until I lose. I was to buy you a dress—kind not specified—if you found me a girl that I could marry, and you haven’t succeeded yet.”

“Well, it’s your own fault! I have found the girl and she’s one any man should be proud of—handsome, nice disposition, good worker, educated, cultured, and an attendant of the most fashionable church in the city. What more could you want?” In the tone of an auctioneer extolling the merits of a piece of merchandise.

“Ha, ha! You present the points of your favorite in a very charming manner, Mrs. Kimmel, but you fail to mention whether she has a heart. Now I consider the heart one of the most important things in a young lady’s makeup, and I have tried to discover whether she has one, and if there is any feeling in it for me. But alas! I know as little about it now as I did when I first met her.”

“It’s all your own fault! I’ll bet you have never asked

her; do you expect a young lady to wear her heart on her sleeve for public inspection? I'm discouraged with you; I'll never get you married off at this rate. Like as not you'll dilly-dally around until Beny Walls gets her, and he hasn't a thing to recommend him but his nerve and his position in the bank," with a contemptuous toss of the head.

"That's just the trouble, Mrs. Kimmel. Laying all jokes aside, I do like Miss Walsh. But I'm a poor man; I have no certainty at any time that I'll have a job in thirty days, and in the present unsettled condition of affairs I would be foolish to marry the best girl that ever lived. When a man marries he should have a home and be settled; and that is impossible for a wage-slave, especially a miner. After this election, matters may be more settled. I hope they will, and then——"

"What do you think of the political situation, Charlie? Do you think the constitutional amendment will carry?" interrupted Mr. Kimmel, laying aside his evening paper.

"It looks very favorable just now. All the candidates are pledged to the eight-hour law, and the press are almost unanimous in recommending the amendment; so that, judged by all signs, it is a sure thing. But there is always so much secret, underhanded work, that it is never safe to bet on a thing until it happens."

"I see that Peanuckle has pledged himself for it."

"Oh, yes; if pledges counted for anything we would have all sorts of good things, but bitter experience has taught me that pledges—especially in politics—don't count for anything when someone's interests are at stake."

"Well, when there is an overwhelming sentiment in favor of a thing we usually get it. It's only when there is

a divided public that pledges are usually ignored, and that is excused on the ground of party expediency," said Mr. Kimmel.

"Yes, but if it is tracked down it will, in nine cases out of ten, he found that party expediency is only another name for someone's private business interests. I've always felt doubtful of either of the old parties giving us an eight-hour law, and I'm still doubtful in spite of the favorable indications. Well, I must be going or I'll be late for lodge," putting on his hat.

CHAPTER VI.

LAW MAKING BY CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

The legislature of the state of Colorado was in session, prepared to execute the commands of their masters—the people. There was also assembled that body of men who have become so well recognized as a part of the legislative machinery of each state, and of the nation, that they are aptly called the third house, the lobby.

The lobby is usually a lot of shrewd, brainy, unscrupulous politicians out of a job, and paid attorneys of private business interests. Seldom do the big business men themselves—the Captains of Industry—appear as lobbyists, trusting that the legislators who “know their master’s voice,” assisted by the lobby, will be ample to defeat any legislation against the business interests, and enact any laws needed by those same interests.

But when matters of far-reaching import are to be discussed the Captains of Industry appear on the scene in all their commanding presence. This oftener happens in our national legislature at Washington than in the state legislatures, and the very presence, the dignified, noble bearing, the patriotic ideals, and honorable disinterested advice of these Captains of Industry has been known to change great fundamental truths into the basest falsehoods.

With a magic that Hermann might have envied they changed an act of “criminal aggression” into an act of “benevolent assimilation.” And with the wisdom of Solomon they decreed that the constitution followed the flag when

it was convenient and profitable, but that it did not follow precedent or anything when it was unprofitable.

The people of Colorado had voted an amendment to the constitution, by a majority of forty-six thousand, authorizing the legislature—nay, commanding it, for the clause read "*shall enact*"—to enact an eight-hour law for all laborers employed in and around mines, smelters, and reduction works.

The measure was vast in its possibilities, and of the utmost importance, not only to the workers, but to the employing interests as well.

It was an entering wedge for Socialism, that monstrous evil which threatens to overthrow the government of the classes and enact a government of the masses.

It threatened "the divine right" of the Captains, and real, actual, labor was in sight for them—far away it is true, but visible enough to be a menace.

Hence we find the Presidents of such corporations as the American Smelting and Refining Company, the Victor Coal and Coke Company, the Boston Smelting Company, and the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, millionaires all of them, representing corporations with national connections and ownership, mingling with the commoner herd of lobbyists and using their influence to defeat the demands of the people.

The smaller capitalists, members of the Colorado Mine Owners' Association, were also there in force.

There was a United States Senator to be elected. A deadlock was on between the two branches of the legislature, and each branch sat in session under military guard for many days.

Wine flowed like water, and men never before known

to be under the influence of liquor staggered from the State House every evening two-thirds drunk, appearing at their desks in the morning red-eyed, nervous, and unfit for business.

Parrish and Dudley were on hand and had opened headquarters in Parrish's room at the hotel.

Charlie Peck and several other prominent labor men were in the city to see that their representatives did not go back on the eight-hour bill. It had been read twice and would soon be up again for final action.

The corporations employed all the strategy and cunning which wily lawyers can use, amendments, jockeying, dilatory tactics, and every ingenuity known to rascality to defeat the bill while under consideration. And everywhere, all the time, money, whiskey, and the siren voice and physical charms of women were used to influence the people's servants.

"By God, Dudley, tomorrow is the day set for that d---d bill and we are still in doubt! Can't you bring McGuire around?" said Parish one afternoon, in a disgusted tone.

"No, d---n him! I got him pretty well jagged up last night, slipped a thousand dollars in his pocket and got him off to bed, and curse him if he didn't hand it back to me in an envelope this morning—"

"It's that d---d miner, Charlie Peck! If it wasn't for him we could have got McGuire the same time that we did Williams and Smith. Have you had him down to Madame Swift's?"

"No, he's next to me, and I can't get him to go anywhere without Peck trailing along. He was in the saloon last night when I was trying to work McGuire."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. It's a risky game, but if you know one of the girls up at Madame's that can be depended on, and is a good actor, we can win out yet."

"I know one who is the whole thing, pretty as a queen, innocent looking as a dove, will do anything for money, and has been on the stage," replied Dudley.

"All right. Let's walk up to the hotel, and I'll outline the whole thing," leading the way out of the Capitol building.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. THATCHER IN THE GOOD WORK.

Timothy McGuire was a working man, a Democrat who had been elected Representative by labor votes and was pledged to the enactment of the eight-hour bill.

He was chairman of the committee who had formulated the bill and had the measure in his care, and had succeeded in resisting all attempts to flatter, cajole, or bribe him into proving false to his trust.

Charlie Peck and he were old friends, and his success so far in eluding the wiles of the lobbyists was in a great measure due to the presence of Charlie, and the other labor leaders; for Tim had a liking for a social glass and under pressure occasionally took more than he should.

"Well, Tim, old boy, one more day and I guess this strain will be over. If this bill goes through I'll be a happy man in more ways than one," said Charlie as the two walked into their hotel the evening before the day set for the final reading of the bill.

"I don't know why you should be happier than me, or anybody else, Charlie; I'm sure we have all worked hard enough."

"Yes, but if the bill passes I'll have a wife to put in that house I built two years ago."

"So ho, me boy! and the lovely Dolly has finally consented, eh! Well, I'm sure, Charlie, no one can wish you more happiness than I, and I don't know which to congratulate the most, you on the charming little wife you will

have, or she on the big-hearted husband she'll get. But here's my hand for good luck, old man."

"Excuse me, but isn't this Mr. McGuire of Lame Brook?" said a modestly, but fashionably dressed, handsome lady of perhaps thirty years, in the lower hall of the hotel.

"It is ma-am, at your pleasure," raising his hat, and looking at her, enquiringly.

"I don't suppose you will hardly remember me, my name is Thatcher—Mrs. Thatcher. I used to be stenographer for the Reliance Company at Lame Brook three years ago, and got to know your face when you came into their office."

"Oh, yes, I believe I remember you now," gallantly trying to help relieve her evident embarrassment by a recognition which was unreal.

"Yes, I have been away three years, and have—a—have had some trouble—you know we all have our troubles—and I would like to talk with you, privately, about some property in Lame Brook."

"Well, Tim, I'll see you later," said Charlie, going up to his room.

"All right, Charlie—certainly, Mrs. Thatcher, anything I can do to help you in the way of information, I am at your service. Hadn't we better sit down somewhere?"

"Yes, as it is quite a long story we had better go to the parlor," leading the way upstairs.

"Well, now Mrs. ——"

"Mrs. Thatcher."

"Yes, my memory for names is so poor. As I was going to say; possibly I had better have dinner first and make my excuses to Mr. Peck, and see you at, say eight o'clock."

"It's about some mining property my husband gave me in our separation. It may take longer than I anticipate, so it would be better to wait until then. I am sorry to trouble you, but it may save me the expense of going to Lame Brook. If I am not in the parlor, rap at my door, number forty-one."

"All right, then, I'll see you after supper—dinner, I mean—you see I'm only a working man," tipping his hat.

"Who was the swell lady, Tim?" asked Charlie as they sat down to dinner.

"Oh, some grass widow who wants to know about some property up in Lame Brook. Her story promised to be pretty long, so I told her I'd see her after dinner. Deuced swell woman, but I'll swear I can't exactly place her, although her face looks familiar."

Going to the parlor Tim failed to find Mrs. Thatcher, so he went and rapped boldly at the door of number forty-one. A middle-aged lady opened the door.

"Oh, maybe I've made a mistake. I want to see——"

"Come in, Mr. McGuire," said a voice from behind a curtain which partly closed the entrance to another room, "I will be out in a moment."

Tim went in and seated himself. In a few minutes Mrs. Thatcher parted the curtains and entered the room attired in full evening dress. Now, Tim had one other failing besides love of a social cup; he was a great admirer of female beauty, especially in evening dress, and he could not help casting admiring glances at this superb creature as she glided around the room, after introducing him to her aunt, Mrs. Smith.

"If you don't care, Mr. McGuire, we'll sit here and

talk; there is always so many in the parlor, and I don't care to air my troubles before all the hotel gossips."

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Thatcher; this is all right," agreed Tim.

"Well, then, I'll begin my tale of woe," launching off into a lengthy tale of marital woes, separation, division of property, and rascality of lawyers, which it is unnecessary to follow.

As she talked she grew quite familiar in talk and manner, and at times grew so pathetic as to call for the wiping of imaginary tears from the great, liquid, hazel eyes.

This all had its effect on Tim, who felt that he would like to wring the neck of her brutal spouse for abusing such an angel.

Mrs. Smith was dozing in a rocker, with the evening paper lying in her lap.

Mrs. Thatcher was reciting a particularly brutal episode, her magnetic eyes fixed on Tim's face, when suddenly she put up her hand, gave a faint flutter of the cherry lips, and pitched half fainting into his lap.

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. McGuire, but my feelings get the better of me when I dwell on my troubles," hastily rising and blushing guiltily. "I must have a glass of wine, Mr. McGuire. Won't you have some, too?"

"Thanks, I can't refuse a glass with a lady in trouble," answered Tim.

As she spoke she went to a dresser, partly concealed behind a screen, and, pouring a few drops of colorless liquid into a glass from a small vial, she hastily filled it with wine, and then filled another.

"Your health, Mrs. Thatcher," draining the glass.

She acknowledged the toast with a slight bow, replaced

the glass on the dresser and, seating herself, continued the conversation.

After a while Tim began to yawn, politely hiding the yawns behind his hand. He was drowsy, tired, and sleepy. His eyes closed and his head sank on his breast. He straightened up with a start.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Thatcher, but I fear I'm a poor listener. I feel so drowsy. I've been keeping late hours, and I'm not used to it."

"Maybe another glass of wine would rouse you, Mr. McGuire."

"Yes, if you please."

She arose to get the wine, but ere she returned his eyes were closed.

"Drink this, Mr. McGuire," touching his arm.

"Eh, what? Where-am-I?"

He tried to rise, his limbs were powerless. He opened his eyes, everything was yellowish red, dancing in grotesque positions. There were three handsome women in decollete costume, each with an innocent smile, offering him a glass of ruby red wine. His limbs were paralyzed, but his mind was yet alert. The truth began to dawn upon him.

"I'm sick! By God, I've been drugged! Help! Hel——" quick as a flash Mrs. Thatcher dropped the wine glass and her arm went round his neck, strangling the cry as the folds of the python strangles its helpless victim.

With the first cry the dozing old lady was electrified into very active life.

"Quick, Mag! the bottle!" ordered Mrs. Thatcher. "Hold it to his nose! Ah, my gay fellow, a woman can land you if good, hard money can't," as the struggles ceased and his tired head dropped forward on his breast.

"Now, my friend, let's see what you have in your pockets! Ha, here is what we want," as she drew a long, folded paper from his pocket.

Glancing hastily over it, she thrust it into her bosom and continued her search.

"This money will come handy in our business, Mag, and now that we've got what we came after, let's put the d—d chump on the floor, where he'll be comfortable, and we'll get to h—l out of here."

Placing him on the floor with a pillow under his head, the two hastily made a change of costume, went out, carefully locked the door, went boldly down the street, called a cab, and were leisurely driven away.

"It's only half past ten, Mag; we pulled it off earlier than I expected. Now then to see Dudley."

The cab stopped at a down town cafe and they alighted and paid the cabby. Stepping inside, Mrs. Thatcher asked permission to use the phone, held a few minutes conversation and went into a box and ordered a lunch.

In ten minutes Dudley entered.

"Well?" he asked.

"All's well, so far. Your friend is dead to the world for twelve hours, and I've got the bill," answered Mrs. Thatcher, in a stage whisper.

"Let me see it."

"Not until I see the money."

"You don't think I'd go back on you?"

"There is no telling what a man like you would do. Here's the bill," drawing it from her bosom. "You can see it's O. K. Now count out your money, and I'll let you have it."

Drawing a huge wallet from an inside pocket, Mr. Dud-

ley counted out five thousand dollars in tens and twentys in two piles.

Handing Dudley the papers, she pulled up her skirts and began stowing away the bills in her stockings and various portions of her underwear, while Mag did the same with her share.

"Now, girls, you are fixed. Let's have a farewell glass of wine and then you've got to hit the high places; you've only got twenty minutes to catch the train. You bought your tickets as I told you, didn't you?"

"Never fear. I never do anything by halves. Well Dudley, here's to your health, our safe journey, and a good sound sleep for your friend, McGuire."

They drank their wine, went out, got into a cab and in half an hour the unfortunate Mrs. Thatcher and Mag boarded the "Burlington," and were whirled out of Denver and out of the story; while the very respectable Mr. Dudley, mine owner, politician and almost statesman, went to the first good night's rest he had enjoyed for weeks; feeling the truth of the saying, "you can't keep a good man down."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. M'GUIRE THINKS HE IS RUINED.

Charlie Peck sat in the hotel office reading and chatting until eleven o'clock, waiting for Tim, who had promised to meet him after seeing Mrs. Thatcher.

Sleepy and tired, Charlie walked up to the parlor, and, failing to see either Tim or Mrs. Thatcher, he started down stairs, but returned to listen at the door of number forty-one. No light showed through the transom, so he turned away and went to Tim's room, thinking he had forgotten the appointment and went to bed. The room was dark; he rapped on the door; no response; he turned the knob; the door opened; the room was unoccupied.

"Great heavens," he thought, "have those devils got hold of Tim at the very last minute?"

He went down stairs and on to the street like one possessed. Frantically he visited the saloons and hotels where the lobbyists were accustomed to congregate.

At the _____ hotel he met Jim Shaw, another labor leader, who roomed at this house expressly to watch the movements of Parrish and Dudley. Shaw had not seen Tim, and was sure he was not in Parrish's room, as he had seen Dudley and Parrish in the office until about half past ten, when Dudley left for half an hour, then came in and he and Parrish went upstairs together.

"By G—d, Charlie, there is dirty work in this, somewhere; let's go back to your hotel and see if we can't get a trace somehow," said Shaw.

They went back and questioned the clerk. He had not seen Tim. The bell-boys, and elevator boy, no one had seen him. Back to the clerk they went. "You see, Will, it's like this: Tim went up to the parlor to advise that grass widow, Mrs. Thatcher, in number forty-one, about some mining property in Lame Brook——"

"Hold on, Charlie, you must have things mixed. I don't believe there is a Mrs. Thatcher in the house, certainly not in forty-one. That room is occupied by two ladies from Kansas City. Just came in this morning over the Union Pacific. See here," pointing to the register.

"I'm sure that's the number that Tim said, and I heard her tell him her name," answered Charlie.

A hasty search failed to reveal the name of Mrs. Thatcher on the register.

They went up stairs; forty-one was dark. They went to Tim's room; it was empty. Back to forty-one, and the clerk rapped on the door; no response. He rapped louder. He went to the office, got a number of keys, and finally found one that unlocked the door.

The light from the hall showed Tim lying on the floor, coat and vest unbuttoned, apparently dead.

"Ah, ha! I suspected foul play," said Charlie, rushing to Tim's side.

Examination showed him to be only in a stupor. They tried to rouse him, but to no avail. Tim only muttered incoherently.

"By the eternals, boys, this is no common drunk; he's been drugged! Get a doctor!" exclaimed Shaw.

The house physician was soon at hand, and the discovery of the tell-tale vials explained the story.

"My G—d, boys, I'm ruined!" moaned poor Tim, when

the doctor, after hard work, had succeeded in rousing him.

"No you're not, old boy. This whole thing was planned and put up by the mine owners, Parrish and Dudley, or some one higher up. And the whole thing will react on them," assured Charlie.

"Yes, but I'm ruined! Nobody will believe why I was in that she-devil's room at night! My wife and children will disown me! The boys at Lame Brook will mob me! Oh, I'm disgraced for life!" wailed the poor fellow.

After consultation it was decided to keep the matter quiet, and detectives were immediately put to work.

* * * * *

"The eight-hour bill is next on the calendar," said the speaker, "but I am informed that Mr. McGuire, who had the bill in charge, is sick——"

"I move the consideration of the next in order," shouted a member.

The house was in the utmost confusion, everybody was on their feet, waving their hands, yelling and gesticulating wildly.

Amid this pandemonium a vote was taken and the eight-hour bill was laid over and killed.

The will of the people was thwarted! The patient reliance of the people in the integrity of pledges and promises, their confidence in their servants was again shaken! Organized wealth was again triumphant! The cunning of the Captains of Industry was again supreme! The all-powerful third house was again victorious.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TONGUE OF SLANDER WAGS A LITTLE.

Tim McGuire, disgraced, dishonored, discouraged, refused to return to Lame Brook; but wrote a tear-stained letter to his wife, which he sent by Charlie Peck, while he departed for Omaha.

Bad news travels fast, and before Charlie Peck arrived in Lame Brook the story was on everyone's tongue that Tim McGuire and Charlie Peck had been in a room with a couple of scarlet women. That Tim had been drugged and robbed, and the eight-hour bill had been lost during the wild orgie in the closing hours of the legislature.

That in order to conceal the true facts and screen himself, Charlie Peck had made up a plausible story of Tim having gone to the woman's room to advise her regarding some property in Lame Brook.

"A nice story, indeed! But it was too thin! They had always known Charlie Peck wasn't the angel that some folks thought him! And that Dolly Walsh! Maybe she wouldn't hold her head so high, now that her promised husband was shown up in his true colors! Poor Mrs. McGuire and the girls! They could never hold their heads up any more."

Charlie remained in Denver a couple of days after adjournment of the session, trying to prevail on Tim to go home with him; so that by the time he arrived in Lame Brook the whole town had chewed over the sweet morsel of slander to their hearts' content.

Dolly Walsh had heard the vile story in the start. At

once a great wave of indignation and outraged womanhood surged through her impulsive veins. She gave Mrs. Kimmel the story, and that lady's loyal defense of the absent one only served to intensify her scorn, and Miss Dolly, with proud head high in the air, went to her room, locked the door, and—had a good cry.

"It's no use, Mrs. Kimmel," said Dolly, when that good woman brought up the subject again. "I asked Mr. Parish—knowing that a gentleman like him would not lie about a thing in which he had no concern—and he said that he was awfully sorry to think that a man with such bright prospects would do as McGuire did. But the stories in Denver were awfully black; and McGuire was absent on the day the bill was called, and hadn't been seen since. Tim and Charlie were together all the time. I'm sure it looks as though it were true."

Dolly refused to see Charlie when he called the first evening after his return to Lame Brook. Mr. and Mrs. Kimmel had talked long and earnestly with him and found out the true state of affairs, but could give him no aid in refuting the vile slander, only to live it down and await developments.

The workingmen, generally, accepted Charlie's story in perfect faith, knowing the desperate efforts that were being made to defeat the bill, and knowing by past experience that the mine owners would hesitate at nothing to gain their ends.

Charlie Peck was completely broken-hearted at the treatment he received at the hands of her whom he had confidently expected to lead to the altar. His dreams were shattered, his trust in women broken. She was not only heartless and fickle, she was unjust. She would not give

him a hearing. All the second day he battled with himself, and finally resolved to compel her to listen.

That evening he called again at the Kimmel house. Dolly, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Kimmel, finally received him.

"Dolly, do you want to break my heart?" he exclaimed, advancing with outstretched arms.

"Mr. Peck, you have already broken mine. I never thought you—of all men I have ever met—would be guilty of anything so base! I am ashamed to confess that I ever loved you——"

"Dolly, won't you let me explain? Won't you be at least just? Does my previous reputation stand for——"

"It seems that you, like all men, have two reputations, one for dress parade, and one that only accidents like this, or the intimate relations of married life, reveal! I am glad that I discovered your hidden character before it was too late. It is useless, Mr. Peck, to prolong this painful interview. You should have some regard for my feelings, and——"

"Have I no feelings? Must all that I hold dear in life, my dreams of a happy marriage, the right to cherish and protect the only woman I have ever really loved, be swept aside lightly as a cobweb is brushed from a piece of furniture? Must my life be blasted! my career be wrecked! my trust in humanity shattered by the vile tongue of slander? Dolly, you are unjust, unfair! I beg of you to hear me! I can explain——"

"Mr. Peck, this is very painful to me!" She was as white as the lace handkerchief which she nervously twisted in her hands. "Here is your ring! Circumstances cannot be explained away! Mr. McGuire has not come home, and

his poor, disgraced wife is heart-broken. Already I can see the covert looks, hear the sly giggles and feel the insinuations of the circles in which I move. Take your ring and if you feel one tenth of the pain that I do, if your life shall be broken as mine will, you may feel retribution for your actions! Does a woman have no fond hopes of home and happiness! No day-dreams of protection and love! Pleasure and content! Can we not suffer! Are all our heart-wounds to be kissed away! Is the burning sting and humiliation of deep disgrace to be quenched with honeyed words of explanation! Are—”

“Enough, Miss Walsh! I have been mistaken! I thought you had some little spirit of justice! I see my error! I freely release you from your engagement!”

He whirled around, grabbed his hat and was gone. As he left the room she stretched out her arms appealingly, then sank upon the floor and cried, and prayed to die! “Yes, she was wicked, she was unjust! Her pride had denied him that which was his right—to be heard in his own defense! Her love was not dead. Could love be crushed thus at will! Oh, if she could only die and be rid of this heartache! But he would come back again! Oh, yes, he would relent! He was so good and manly! How fearlessly he faced her and pleaded for simple justice! Oh, how wicked she was!”

CHAPTER X.

BEGINNING OF THE GREAT WAR.

William Parrish was a model business man. Coming to Lame Brook in an early day with very little capital, but a good knowledge of modern mining methods, a good business education, and that quality known as "a good mixer"—a good fellow—he had received a position with one of the mining companies as superintendent. But little was known of his early life, except that he was born and grew to manhood in the East, and that he had spent some years in California.

He had interested himself in the promotion of mining companies, his position enabling him to lay "good things" before capitalists whom the ordinary prospector can not see, nor handle if he does see.

He formed several companies, getting a good block of stock, and a situation in the directory, for his labors in formation. The prospectors and investing public put in their money for development work, flattering reports would go out, and more money come in. After a while the reports would not be so flattering, work would languish, and finally, when the investors had been milked dry, work would stop, stock go to nothing, and Mr. Parrish, with a few of those on the inside, would have a fine mining property as a reward for the use of their names and high business standing.

Every mining camp, and every prospector, and mining investor in the world can give fuller particulars of these transactions than space will permit of in this work. In fact,

stock propositions, from railroads down through steel, standard oil, shipbuilding, to the peanut trust, will all furnish fair illustrations.

At the time of this story Mr. Parrish was several times a millionaire, with investments not only in gold mines, but coal mines, smelters, street railways, gas, electric lights and bank stock. He was a member of the leading church, but not a very regular attendant; his wife, however, made up for his shortcomings in this respect. He was public-spirited and charitable. No one who appealed to him in the name of charity, or philanthropy went away empty-handed. Besides contributing liberally to the building of the new church, he had given a beautiful stained glass window and a fine individual communion service.

He was very patriotic, and frequently, on Memorial Day or the Fourth of July, would point with pride to the waving folds of "Old Glory" and mention the fact that his grandfather had fought in the Revolution, and his father had left an arm on one of the battle fields of the Civil war.

Mr. Parrish was sitting in his office one afternoon several months after the incidents related in the preceding chapter. He was frowning. He was worried. As a result of the failure of the legislature to enact the eight-hour law, the unreasonable, silly miners had struck, struck not for themselves—they were already in most mines only working eight hours—but in sympathy with the mill and smelter men.

While he sat alone, in deep study, the door opened and Miss Walsh came in and asked if he would see the Rev. Mr. Brown.

"Yes, show him in."

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?" shaking hands. "Have a seat. It's not very often I have a call from you."

"No, indeed, Brother Parrish, but then I am so busy. It seems as if we are all of us too busy to visit and get acquainted as we should, but I thought I must take time to call today, anyhow. This strike, you know, Mr. Parrish, we all feel it. Is there no way to settle it? Can't there be arbitration? It will cause so much suffering and hardship. Is there no better way in this twentieth century than a resort to arms—for really that is what it amounts to—to force, to the methods of barbarism? I know it seems out of place for a minister to offer advice in a purely private business matter, of which he knows little, and I hope you will take no offense——"

"Oh, no, rest easy, Mr. Brown. This is really a private business matter—as you say—but the people don't seem to think so. Several people have called on me offering advice in the last week, and yesterday Rev. Meekly called, and what do you think he did?" laughing softly. "He said we mine owners were to blame for the strike, and he really believed it. No, Brother Brown, I am not hurt in the least by offers of advice. Strikes are a public matter in as much as they concern, directly and indirectly, the innocent, disinterested, and helpless—the outsiders. But they are so only to that extent. The public cannot settle these conflicts. No one deplores the strike and its resultant evils more than I; yet there can be no settlement effected except by the immediate parties to the strike, no matter how seriously the public is inconvenienced. Arbitration is harped upon, but it is only a makeshift. It presupposes that some one having no actual knowledge of, or interest in the finding—only their interest

as an inconvenienced party, and a possible sense of justice, which, too, is warped by self interest—can come in and settle a matter requiring a technical knowledge of the industry.

“This, too, is an aggravated case. The original strike involved only a few hundred mill and smelter men, whose places we could have readily filled and everything would have been running smoothly in a few days. But the miners, who, in most cases, have an eight-hour day, and thus have no grievance themselves, went out on a sympathetic strike.”

“Yes, I know, Brother Parrish, but it seems to me if tact were employed, and each side would concede a little, that much needless suffering would be avoided, and all parties be gainers in the end.”

“Have you ever talked to those fellows?” asked Mr. Parrish.

“No, I have tried, but they seem afraid to talk freely. In fact, they seem suspicious of my friendship. I don’t know why. Of course there are but few of them who belong to our church, in fact they don’t seem to belong to any church—more’s the pity; we could do them so much good—and I cannot seem to meet them in the right spirit, as I would very much like to do,” with a very nice, preacherly sigh.

“If you will wait, your wish may be gratified, at least you will see how I meet them. I expect to confer with a committee of three in a few minutes—ah, here they are now,” as Miss Walsh announced a committee from the Miners’ Union.

“Come in, gentlemen. This is Mr. Peck, Mr. Brown, and this is Mr. Gibson and Mr. Tatro. Mr. Brown is our leading minister, gentlemen.”

"Maybe we are intruding, we——"

"Oh no, not at all. In fact we were discussing the strike, and I requested Mr. Brown to wait and meet you. I suppose you have no objections?"

"I'd prefer not to mix anybody else in this for my part," replied Gibson.

"Why, certainly, I will not thrust myself on you," replied Mr. Brown. "But I feel just as concerned as any of you. I was telling Brother Parrish before you came in that I had never had an opportunity to talk with you men—that is, not freely—there seems to be a distrust of my motives, my sincerity."

"Well, sir," replied Gibson, "I'm only a rough miner and don't want to offend you, but you have just hit the nail on the head, so far as my feelings are concerned. And I believe if Charlie and Mike were not so polite they'd say the same——"

"Oh, no, Gibson," interposed Charlie, "don't put it that way——"

"But, Mr. Peck, it may not be quite as Mr. Gibson admits, in your case, yet in general I feel it to be true of you working-men. Other ministers tell me they, too, notice the same attitude of distrust from the workers. Now, why is it? I ask in perfect faith and sincerity."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I will tell you how I feel," answered Charlie, "and I know that many other workers feel the same. The churches and ministers are supported by the capitalist class—now don't be offended if I speak plain—and human nature, even of a preacher, naturally leans toward and favors the class which supports it. The Church has always been a part of the State and receives support

and favors from the State. It has always been used by the State—the controlling political party—to further its control and exploitation of the workers. It teaches them to be humble and servile in the real Hell in which they live, or the hellish conditions with which they are surrounded, in order that they may reach an imaginary Heaven when they are dead. It smiles, bows to, cringes, flatters, and fawns upon the man who drops a fat check in the contribution box, knowing full well that the donor ground his money out of the degradation and debasement of prostituted womanhood."

The minister shifted uneasily in his chair.

"The tears, groans, and very life blood of helpless women, and children, are crystalized into the checks dropped in the plate, and the diamonds that glitter upon the apparel of the best church members. When we workers go to the high-toned churches dressed in the best we can afford we feel that we are out of place. There is a chill strikes us as we enter the door, and we feel that the rich members also feel that we are out of place.

"When the minister prays, he knows that we know he is going to ask something that he knows cannot be granted, and that we know cannot and will not be granted. When he preaches he asks us to believe that which he don't believe, and which he knows that we know he don't believe; he tells us to do that which he cannot and does not do, which we know he can't do, and he knows we know he can't; and which we know he knows would upset our whole social fabric and result in chaos, if it could be done.

"We feel that preachers are but human, and subject to the same loves, hates, passions, and ambitions as other

men. We know that they will follow the road where their interests lead. We know they will condone, gloss over, and explain away the sins of the rich. We know they supported black slavery in the South and told the slaves to be humble and obedient to their masters; as they today tell the white slaves to be good, loyal, obedient, humble, and servile, and wear a crown of glory in the sweet bye and bye.

"No, Mr. Brown, this question of labor and capital is one involving a great principle, and the workers feel that nothing the preachers can do or say will be of any avail. They don't understand the issue, and if they did, their class interests and social affiliations would prevent them being just."

"But, Mr. Peck, don't you honestly think now, that your charges are very sweeping—much more so than the facts really warrant? I know I could be just, even against my own brother. I try to be true to myself, my church, and my fellow man. Some of your charges may be true in some cases—"

"Mr Brown, I meant nothing personal in what I said. I tried to explain to you what you could not see—why the workers would not confer freely with you. If, in explaining, I have wounded you, I am sorry; but if you could get a dozen workers to talk as freely as I have, ten would explain as I do."

Parrish had sat drumming idly on the desk with a pencil, smiling occasionally as Mr. Brown fidgeted at some of the thrusts.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "this is foreign to our purpose. What answer have you to our proposals?"

"As spokesman for the committee, Mr. Parrish," said

Charlie, "I will say that the union last night voted unanimously to stand by its demands."

"Well, Peck, I hold out no hope. But suppose that the mills and smelters would grant the eight-hour day—the bone of trouble—would we then have permanent peace?"

"I can't say, Mr. Parrish. First: Because you ask me to answer for our entire membership, which I could not do. Second: Permanent may mean a year or two, or it may mean a good many. If the latter would be your construction I would answer, no. You and I know that this is a war, not of today, of yesterday, or tomorrow, but a war begun centuries ago, only to be settled when settled right. When we get eight hours, we will demand more pay. When we get more pay we will demand seven hours. And—"

"You see, Brother Brown, there is the settlement of the labor question! It means Socialism, and nothing else."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Peck," asked the minister, "that your unions really stand for and expect to get Socialism? I believe in unionism, but not in Socialism."

"Yes, sir, our union declared for Socialism. All labor unions have that aim, or should have it. It is the very cornerstone of labor-unionism; anything else is inconsistent. 'To the laborer belongs the full product of his labor.'"

"Yes, as a saying that is all very well, but you know, Mr. Peck, that labor never has had, in fact could not have, in justice, all, really all, of its product. A certain portion must go towards the expenses of government, the army and the navy, the teachers and—and"—blushing—"the preachers, the capitalists, and in fact many—"

"Yes, I see about how much you know of Socialism. The saying in its literal meaning should be: 'To the la-

borer the full product of his labor, less the necessary expenses of social maintenance.' Mind you I said 'necessary expenses,' which would include supporting only some of those you named. The rest would become workers."

"But capital, you know, is entitled to a fair return."

"No, I don't know it, but I will admit it for the present. How much is a fair return? Five per cent, ten, twenty, fifty? If that can be told we can settle, easily, a question that has caused, and will cause, a world of suffering. Can you name a fair return, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, ahem—the fact is that varying conditions of risk, markets—"

"That is not to the point. Let us make a law saying that five per cent is a fair and just return upon capital invested—the Government only pays two and one-half—and that all capital shall have that, and none shall have more. That—"

"Why, my dear sir! that is manifestly absurd and impossible—"

"Exactly! Now, as a matter of fact, capital is not entitled to any return whatever. It has been created by labor, but was stolen from it—by law, it is true—and is today absolutely useless, and always will be, to create any returns without labor being applied to it. Capital is the exploited product of labor, invested in lands, mines, mills, factories and railways, used by labor to further exploit itself of its product; produced only by labor, it is absolutely useless and unproductive until labor makes it useful. Its accumulation is like that of a tiny snowball at the top of a high mountain. As the snowball, by the force of gravity, rolls onward it accumulates, and grows larger and still larger. So the ball of

capital, tiny at first, as it is rolled over by labor grows larger, ever larger. Year after year, century after century, it grows, but never without human labor.

"The farmer may sow two fields, one with wheat, one and a half bushels per acre, and harrow it in well on good soil. In the other let him sow twenty dollar gold pieces, a bushel and a half per acre, harrowed in well. In the field sown with wheat the tiny shoots soon appear, the rain comes, the sun shines, and in a few months there stands a field of golden wheat; a return of many fold the seed sown, something to satisfy man's wants, prolong his life. But what does he harvest from the field sown with gold? Does he see a crop of tiny golden dollars sticking up all over the field? Mr. Parrish could tell you that he might stand at a prospect hole and send dollars down it all day and the hole would get no deeper; there would be no returns. He also knows that if a man goes down that hole armed with a pick and shovel there will be returns.

"You say it is impossible to fix a fair return for Capital, one that will be the same everywhere, and under all conditions; on that point we can agree. Now, can you say what will be a fair return for labor? Is the man who performs dirty, disagreeable, unhealthy, dangerous work to receive all he produces by his labor, or only a portion? If he is to receive only a portion, what portion will be just? Ten, twenty, or fifty per cent? No sir, it is impossible to say how much labor should receive, if you say it should have only a portion."

"Well, under our present system the man is rewarded according to his ability and genius, and it seems to me that is the only just and equitable way. It is God's way. The

choice of occupation is open to every man; he rises by his own merit——”

“But, my dear sir, you say the present system. That is our contention; we say the system is wrong, is a relic of barbarism, is founded on a wrong principle. Your claims for the present system will not stand the search-light of investigation. You say it is God’s way. Is it God’s way to have crime, insanity, pauperization, and prostitution increasing steadily in spite of the work of his teachers? Is it God’s way that millions should die for want of food, shelter, and clothing, surrounded by an abundance of those necessaries which they, and they only, have created, but which they are prevented from using by law. Is that God’s law?”

“Certainly not, Mr. Peck. The natural selfishness of man, inherent depravity, defies God’s laws——”

“This is idle, Mr. Brown. What is ‘God’s law?’ Explain it, please. That is the only right way; quote the law, and then let us see where we are standing.”

“Well—ahem—you see—this-er—this is tending towards a religious discussion, and we ought to confine it purely to economics——”

“I quite agree with you, but if you remember you gave it the religious trend, not I. However, I would like you to quote ‘God’s law’; I want to know what it is.”

“I think that, briefly, it might all be summed up in the Golden Rule——”

“Yes, and which David Harum parodied: ‘Do unto the other fellow as he would do unto you—only do it fust.’ And which the American people considered so trite and true of our practical construction and application of the Golden Rule that it has stuck.

"There is only one way to argue any question. Start right. What is the purpose of society? Solely to perpetuate itself, and guarantee to the individuals the greatest measure of comforts and happiness, by giving each individual exact justice. Any social system which fails of that is wrong. It is evidently a natural design that man should labor for his existence; all nature teaches that. Society, then, must, first of all, give everyone an opportunity to labor, and on equal terms. Any society which fails of that fails of its duty. It should give everyone who toils the full product of his toil, less the amount necessary for social maintenance, anything else is unjust.

"Suppose, Mr. Brown, that you and a dozen companions were shipwrecked upon an island in mid-ocean, the island abounding in nuts, fruits, and game. Would you feel it to be God's law—a natural law—that the twelve of you should toil early and late, rain or shine, gathering fruits and nuts, catching fish and game, and, selecting the choicest portions, give them to the thirteenth man, supporting him in idleness? Do you think it would be just, either to him or yourselves?"

"Well, no, I shouldn't. But you are going back to very primitive conditions for an illustration. Now society—"

"Conditions may be primitive, sir, but principles cannot. Truth and justice are principles; are eternal and unchanging. Is that not true?"

"Yes, I'll admit that. But then conditions, you see, are different."

"Can conditions change a principle, a law of nature? Is injustice subject to conditions, or degrees? Is it not always injustice? Is the man more or less a man on a lonely island with a dozen companions, than upon solid land with

millions of companions? Does he need more or less of shelter, food, and clothing? Can conditions change the primal impulse, the law of life?"

"No, but the institution of property rights, it seems to me, is in line with God's law and in harmony with nature."

"Only as applied to that which man himself produces. Property in nature's resources, the land and the sea, is not in harmony with God's laws. Let us go back to our island illustration. Suppose that when the castaways landed on the island, one of them had stuck a rag on top of a pole—a la Christopher Columbus—and declared in pompous words, 'In the name of Theodore Roosevelt, and by Divine right, I claim this land, with all its products, resources, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to have and to hold for all time; to sell, trade and barter for gold of standard weight and fineness. By virtue of my superior wisdom and intelligence, I hereby decree myself King, and ruler of this island and all its peoples. Accordingly, I hereby command each and every one of you to hustle around and find me something to eat, for I am exceedingly hungry.' Do you really think, Mr. Brown, that the principle would be changed?"

"Oh, no, of course not in such a supposed case. But the illustration is hardly fair."

"In what way—"

"Well, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Parrish, "I hate to disturb this interesting discussion, but this will not settle the strike problem. I suppose, Mr. Peck, your men have fully discussed the probable results of the continuance of the strike?"

"Yes, sir, we were in session until after midnight, last night."

"I presume, then, we might as well close this interview."

"Yes," taking the hint. "We might as well be going, boys. I am glad to have met you, Mr. Brown, and hope that we may at some future time resume this discussion. Good day, sir," offering his hand, which the minister grasped cordially.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

Dolly Walsh was very sad and depressed after breaking her engagement with Charlie Peck. She loved him none the less after casting him off. The affection she thought she could stifle by a stern resolve to cast him out of her heart, refused to be stifled.

In her busiest moments, as well as when she laid off the cares of the day and retired to rest, her thoughts would fly to him. She felt that he would some day return to her, and give her a chance to confess her error and plead forgiveness.

She sometimes thought of writing him, in fact, had written a letter, which her pride would not allow her to send and which she had torn into fragments.

But she by no means wore her heart on her sleeve. She assumed a gayety which deceived none of her friends; they could see that it was merely assumed. The Kimmels wisely refrained from advice, and Charlie's name was seldom mentioned.

As the dreary days lengthened into weeks, and Charlie showed no signs of relenting, Dolly became more debonair. He really had not loved her, and she would, must, stifle this love for one so unworthy. To help divert her thoughts she went much into society, and frequently met Beny Wall, whom, after her engagement to Charlie, she had met only in the most formal manner.

One evening at a church social she met him, and he,

who had always admired her as much as his calloused, narrow soul could permit, endeavored to break down her reserve. Soon they were in animated conversation, the old standing was apparently regained. He accompanied her home that night, and gained her consent to go with him to the theater the following night.

He gave her hand a parting squeeze, and she retired and lay thinking a long time of—Charlie Peck. She would show him that he could not cast her off—she had persuaded herself that he had done the casting off—and have her grieve herself to death. And then with a little sigh and a suspicion of tears in her pretty eyes she dropped to sleep.

This was the beginning. Beny Wall was constant in his attentions. With balls, socials, theaters and drives he managed to enjoy a great deal of her company.

The strike was now on, and class feeling was manifesting itself very openly. Beny Wall, from his position in the bank, was, naturally, opposed to the strikers, and in various insidious ways managed to prejudice Dolly against the class to which she belonged—the workers.

Business was stagnant, almost completely suspended. Clerks stood idle and wondered where it would end; book-keepers sat idle on their stools; cashiers and tellers stood idle at their windows, while capitalists sat in the bank parlors vainly trying to see a way out; teamsters were idle on the street corners, while their teams grew fat in the stables and possibly wondered, animal fashion, what had caused a cessation of their weary, daily grind of toil, whip and blow; cooks, waiters, bell boys, and chamber maids; barbers and bootblacks; brewers, beer drivers and bar tenders; milliners and their assistants; dressmakers and their helpers, stood

with folded hands and expressed their sympathies with one side or the other, according to the way in which they saw their own class interests affected. Doctors waited with frowning faces for new patients to call and drop the coin of the realm into their purses, or old patients to call and pay for past services. Lawyers waited in vain for clients, or went out and gave freely of their advice in hope that it might start quarrels, fights, brawls, litigation, and fees.

Business was paralyzed, every industry was affected; the whole social fabric was disturbed. In the churches; in the lodges, the schools, and the Sunday schools; the hotels, the depots, the homes, the streets, the strike was the sole topic of conversation. The newsboys discussed it; the children played striker and mine-owner in their play; the lovers talked it, and its probable effects in delaying their marriage; fathers and mothers discussed it in the still watches of the night; and preachers prayed for divine guidance to the warring classes, and a speedy return to the humdrum and peace of normal conditions.

The social body was shaken and torn with dissensions to its very heart. Like the human body in the worst throes of La Grippe, each separate part and function of the body cried out in pain. Each vein, artery, muscle, bone, nerve, and organ of much or little importance was disturbed. From, so to speak, the hairs of its head to the soles of its feet; the outermost skin to the innermost vitals, society was convulsed with pain.

And for what cause? Because the heart of society, its most vital organ, that one organ without which it would perish, could not for one hour exist, that organ which with every beat and pulsation was sending life, health, strength and happiness to the most insignificant part of the social

body, was rebelling and protesting in its feeble manner for justice—simple justice and nothing more.

The vermiform appendix of society, the one part which is as useless and needless in the social body as in the human, was diseased. It had become swollen, foul, fetid and filthy with corruption, which was extending gradually to all parts of the body and spreading its slimy, deadly gangrenous pus to the utmost extremities.

One evening Dolly came home from the office with a very decided frown upon her pretty face.

"Why that frown, Dolly?" asked Mr. Kimmel as they sat down to the evening meal.

"Mr. Parrish told me that he would have to let me go after this week. He said they had to curtail expenses as much as possible until the strike was over."

"O dear, it's too bad. So many are getting laid off on account of the strike," sighed Mrs. Kimmel. "Mrs. Garber run in this afternoon and she said her husband had been laid off at the butcher shop, and the poor thing nearly cried. They have their home on the installment plan and she is afraid they will lose it. They have had to be very saving to keep the children decent for school, pay their home expenses, and keep up their payments even when he had work."

"It's tough on everybody," said Mr. Kimmel. "I will have to lay off part of my clerks, and if it don't soon end I'll have to lay them all off, maybe lay myself off, too. Each side is more determined than ever, it seems."

"Dear me, I don't know what I'll do," said Dolly. "I have not been very economical, because I felt sure that I could hold my situation; and anyhow I had very few clothes when I came here, and I had to dress half way decent where I work, and to go out in society."

That evening Dolly went riding with Mr. Wall. The strike, naturally, entered into the conversation, and Dolly told how she had been affected thereby, ending with a little sigh for the blackness looming up in the future.

"Miss Walsh, you must have known by my actions how great has been my esteem for you, and I have flattered myself that you returned my regard. Dolly, do you love me? Will you be my wife? Let me protect you and shield you from care and want."

"Why, Mr. Wall, I—I—like you very much, but I don't love you—"

"But you can learn to love me, Dolly! Let me give you a home, freedom from want and care! I will be so good to you that you can't help loving me," attempting to place his arm around her waist, she shrinking from his touch.

"I hardly think that would be just, either to you or myself. Marriage is a serious thing, love should be the main factor—"

"Yes, Dolly, but I will make you love me. I will surround you with everything your heart can desire. While, I am not a rich man, compared to some, I have a little, and I have fine prospects. While this strike has been a loss to many, it has been of great benefit to me. I bought one of the best prospects in this mining district last week, bought it for a song, and it will make me rich. You can learn to love me if you try. I will not hurry you; won't you try to love me?"

"Yes," she whispered, with her head dropped forward, her hands toying with her watch chain.

Bending over he tried to press a kiss on her lips, but she quickly put up her hands.

"No, no, Beny, not now," she whispered.

He grasped her hand, kissed it passionately and asked: "And you will be my wife, darling?"

Faintly she nodded her head in assent, as the full moon rolled behind a fleecy cloud, and the long-drawn howl of a coyote shrieked out on the still night air, like the wail of a lost soul.

So they were engaged; and even as she nodded her pretty, queenly head in assent the face of Charlie Peck arose before her mental vision, with that pained, wounded look, that drawn, pinched expression of repressed agony, that had haunted her and drove sleep from her bedside so many weeks.

Do you blame her, gentle reader? Put yourself in her place. On one side economic security, freedom from want, social position and standing, a man of culture and refinement, handsome and agreeable. On the other the dying embers of affection for one whose position was insecure; who could offer naught but love in a cottage; whose social standing was much lower, and who was now regarded by the men of influence and wealth as a disturber of the social equilibrium; a man who was leading the ignorant rabble of workers to undermine the very foundation of society—the sacred institution of property rights; and worst of all, one who had caused her to blush with the sense of outraged, insulted womanhood.

Handing her out at the Kimmel home, and kissing her hand, Beny drove proudly away, softly humming a love song. She went to her room, prepared for bed, took Charlie Peck's photograph from a drawer, gazed on it a long time and—laid down and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO ARMIES.

Mining is hard, wearisome, dangerous work, the men being exposed to danger of falling rock, premature explosions, the deadly "missed blast," carelessness and ignorance of other men, giving way of timbers, bad air, gases, and a thousand different dangers incident to the work. The usual hazards are, in most mines, added to by the refusal or neglect of the owners to provide known safeguards to remove or lessen the danger.

Burrowing away hundreds of feet underground, where thousands of tons of rock and earth shut out the light of day, with the water dropping on their bodies, causing rheumatism and pneumonia; beset constantly with danger, these men, of all religions, of no religion at all; of all nationalities, of no nationality; English, Irish, Welsh, American, Swede, Norwegian, German, Greek, Italian, Fin, laboring co-operatively, become imbued with the co-operative spirit. Dropping all race prejudices and personal animosities, they become bound together by that social spirit which justifies governments: "The good of one is the good of all."

The Western Federation of Miners is a secret organization of the metal miners of the Western states. By union they have succeeded in securing a wage scale which averages higher than that of miners anywhere else in the world. Not only have they succeeded in securing good wages for themselves, but by their assistance all other classes of laborers

connected with the mines have secured wages above the average for that kind of labor. Seeing that the old unionism was obsolete, and impotent to grapple with modern, combined, trustified, industrial ownership; realizing that labor to secure just laws must make the laws, the Western Federation of Miners at the last three national conventions declared for united political action by the workers, for Socialism.

The Mine Owners' Association is what its name implies—a secret union of the mine owners.

The Citizens' Alliance is an organization that has sprung up in recent years and exists in nearly every town of any importance in the United States. The smaller organizations are affiliated with a Central National Union, known as The Employers' Protective Association. It is nominally a non-secret, non-partisan union, admitting everyone to membership; but in reality there develops, when trouble occurs between labor and capital, a union within a union, a secret organization intensely partisan on class lines.

The Mine Owners' Association and the Citizens' Alliance, having the same class interests, affiliate when the common enemy, Labor, rises in revolt.

When Labor is employed its credit is good, but when a lockout or strike occurs credit is gone. Cash alone is what talks. When the strike occurred at Lame Brook, the merchants, who had formerly extended a limited amount of credit to the miners, were now compelled to call for cash on delivery.

The Federation of Miners has a membership of 80,000 who always support their brothers when necessity compels them to strike. When the strike occurred, the mine owners asked the business men to refuse credit and thus help them

to break the strike. This was agreed to by the business men as a measure of self-interest, but probably more closely adhered to on request of the mine owners.

Business men are, when stripped of all their clothes and compelled to come down to earth, very much the same as lawyers, doctors, preachers and other men—poor, weak human mortals—each leaning on some other. They are subject to the same laws of nature, the same loves, hates, prejudices, ambitions and sympathies.

Many of the business men were in full sympathy with the miners, and stood ready to help them as far as they could, safely. But the majority, on the other hand, were against the miners and were very bitter towards them for having so seriously disturbed the great god—Business—at whose shrine we all worship.

Now it is a settled principle of war—and this is a war story—that whoever gives aid, comfort, and sympathy to the enemy is an enemy himself. The money sent in by the Federation to support its members was being spent to sustain the enemy. So the Federation established four co-operative stores in the Lame Brook mining district, thus crippling the enemy in two ways. First: By withdrawing the trade of the miners themselves. Second: By drawing other trade, sympathetic, neutral and antagonistic; for, mind you, profit will draw even your enemy's trade; and the co-operatives at once began cutting prices, making it more profitable to trade with them.

Now was the virtuous business man aroused, even the neutrals could remain so no longer, their very existence was threatened; bankruptcy stared them in the face. "What excuse had these ignorant miners for entering the sacred precincts of trade?"

CHAPTER XIII.

FREE AMERICAN CITIZENS.

The strike had not been in operation very long until in the principal cities of the Middle states, the following sign could be seen chalked on the bulletin boards at the employment agencies.

“Wanted! Miners for the West! \$3.50 for eight hours! No Strike! Scarcity of Men! Free Fare!”

“Where is it you want miners?” asked a well built laboring man of perhaps thirty years, stepping into an office where the above sign was displayed in Detroit, Michigan.

“For Colorado. Are you a miner? Do you want a job?” answered the employment agent, sizing up the enquirer.

“Yes, I do if it’s on the square. I don’t want to be tricked into going away out West, to find myself out of a job in a month or two.”

“Oh, it’s on the square, all right. They are opening up some mines that have been idle for some time, and the great prosperity has made men scarce, that’s all.”

“I wish some of that prosperity would strike this town, so that a fellow wouldn’t have to leave his home and family to get a decent job,” replied the laborer, with a laugh.

“Well, what do you say? Do you want to go? We ship in the morning, and I’ve got nearly all the men I need.”

“Yes, I believe I’ll go. What is the fee?”

“Two dollars. What is your name?” drawing a book towards him.

"John Hope," laying two silver dollars on the desk.

"All right, Mr. Hope. Bring your luggage down early in the morning. Good day," handing him a receipt.

"Mary, I'm going out West; I've got a job," said Mr. Hope, entering the house with a brisk step.

"John, are you crazy? What put such a notion in your head? How are you going, and when? And what is to become of me and the children?" replied a comely young woman, rocking herself and nursing a baby, while a flaxen-haired little girl sat at a window nursing a rag doll.

Mr. Hope sat down and told his wife all about it, and she—woman like—objected, until he recalled the poor pay and unsteady employment that he had been having for the last year. Then she feebly consented, but with many a womanly pang of regret at the stern conditions of life.

The next morning John Hope kissed his wife and babies good-bye, and departed from the house with a suspicious moisture in his eyes and a very real lump in his throat; his wife sobbing and the flaxen-haired little girl crying, and calling after him: "Me don't want my Papa to go! Tum back, Papa! Take me wif you! Me don't want you to leave me an' Mamma! Tum back, Papa!"

John Hope, in company with forty other workers, was put on board a special car attached to the "Flyer" and started for Colorado, accompanied by a man who carried the transportation. The journey was passed without incident until they left Omaha, when they discovered two guards stationed at each door, armed with Winchesters.

"What is the meaning of these guards?" asked John, of the man who had them in charge.

"O, it's only to prevent the follows from deserting now

that they have got this far. You see fellows who want to go some other place often work that dodge on us."

"But can't you prevent it without having armed guards? It looks bad; looks as if we were prisoners—regular jail birds."

"It does look bad, I'll admit, but it has to be done. I had a batch of fellows once that wanted to stop off and I had the door locked. Say, they didn't do a thing to that door but just kick it down and walk off."

The journey passed without further incident until they reached Denver. Here some men came alongside the car and asked one of them where they were going. Upon his replying that they were going to work in the mines, they were told there was a strike at Lame Brook and they were to be used as "scabs" to break the strike.

The train pulled out and the men were left to discuss the situation in whispers as the train rattled onward.

"The agent lied to me; said there was no strike. I'm d—d if I'll scab!" whispered one man.

"By G—d, I'll not stand it!" said another. "I'll crawl out of a window the first stop we make and sue this agent! This amounts to kidnapping! We are in the United States and entitled to the protection of the laws!"

"I'm with you old boy! I'm a free American citizen and I'll not be used this way!" asserted a man in the seat behind him.

"Put down that window, you d—d thieves, before I put a hole in you! D—n your hearts! You're going to Lame Brook, d'ye hear?" There stood the agent—or "herder," as he is familiarly known in the West—a cocked revolver in each hand, and beside him two of the guards with Winches-

ters leveled on the men who foolishly thought they were "Free American Citizens."

The window went down with a slam.

"Now you fellows is goin' to Lame Brook," said the herder, walking down the aisle with his revolvers still in his hands. "You're goin' to work for the Golden Goose Mining Company, an' you're goin' to get just what was promised you, three fifty for eight hours. But I git ten dollars a head for every one of you that I git there, *see?* An' I'll put a hole through the first man that touches one of them windows. I've been in the West for twenty years, an' I'm one of the best fellows you ever see till you git me riled; then I'm a plumb bad man with a gun; now you fellows just behave an' we'll git along fine, *see?*"

He was a big man, with an evil looking face that plainly told that his talk was not all bluster.

They proceeded without further incident until the train pulled into Lame Brook, where, as soon as the train stopped, they were greeted with cries of "Scab! Scab!"

As quickly as possible a switch engine was attached to their car and they were swiftly pulled away and up the hill to the Golden Goose mine. It was dark when they were switched into the yards of the mine, and they could not see very much of their surroundings.

"Follow me!" commanded the herder as the car stopped and he unlocked the door.

Cowering and silent, the men picked up their luggage and passed out of their prison. As they stepped to the ground they passed between two files of men armed with glistening rifles.

"By heavens, I'll not 'scab,'" exclaimed a short, heavy set man, making a dash for liberty.

"Halt! Halt! or I'll shoot!"

"Shoot and be d---d! I'll never scab!"

"Crack! Crack! Crack!" spoke the rifles, while a yell of agony went up from the "Free American Citizen." On he ran in the darkness, and brought up against a board wall twelve feet high. Wounded, he dropped down beside the wall, the blood gushing from an ugly hole in his side.

His guards picked him up and, placing him in the car, hauled him away, and that was the last John Hope saw of him.

"Come on, you fellows; what are you standing there for?" yelled the herder to the frightened men.

He led the way into a rough board shanty, followed by a band of as thoroughly cowed slaves as ever wore chains, or stood on the auction block "befo' the wah, suh!"

The shanty was erected of rough lumber, fresh from the mill. It was thirty by forty feet, one story in height, with tiers of bunks three high on one side and end of the single room. The bunks were made of the same rough lumber as the shanty, with mattresses made of straw stuffed into ticks. The covering consisted of a single blanket and a comforter made of mill shoddy.

There was a large cooking stove in one corner of the room, while two long tables of bare boards, adorned with tin plates and tin cups, occupied the most of the remaining space. A long bench on each side of the tables served for seats.

A cook and helper were busily engaged in placing on the table a meal consisting of bread, 'bull butter', boiled beef,

potatoes, and prunes. The tin cups were filled with steaming black coffee and the men were told to "set up."

The journey had been a long one, there had been no chance for sleep, except such as could be taken in the crowded car; some of the men had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, while several of them were sick and unable to eat.

After the meal the men crawled into their bunks and tried to sleep, but the cold mountain air whistled through the cracks and the most of them lay and shivered all night. John Hope lay with his head over the side of the bunk, sick, retching and vomiting, until daylight, his only relief being an occasional drink of water given him by the not entirely heartless guard, stationed at the door.

In olden times bold, bad, wicked men sailed away to the coast of Africa and enticed the innocent people on board their vessels, where, having them in their power, they sailed away to a land called America. A land of liberty and freedom! Here they were sold to good Christian men, who made them work, and earn, not only their own living, but that of their Christian masters. But the practice was wrong, ending finally in a strife, which resulted in Abraham Lincoln speaking those imperishable words, "This nation cannot endure, half slave and half free." And the nation was plunged into the greatest conflict known in the history of the world.

Father was arrayed against son; brother against brother; neighbor against neighbor. Rifles cracked; swords flashed, and cannons roared! Tears fell like rain! Blood ran in torrents! Wives were widowed! Children orphaned! Homes destroyed! Virtue ravished! Gray-haired men, fee-

ble women, and helpless children fled to the woods and swamps, wandering for days in terror, hunger, and misery, hourly expecting death! Thousands of lives were sacrificed! Hundreds of thousands of men crippled and maimed! Billions of wealth, representing oceans of tears, untold curses, moans and groans of labor, were wasted! For what reason? Because the immutable law of nature had been violated! And nature is just, always! Her laws are higher and more potent than any that can be made by her children.

All this was in the long ago—forty years, at least. And slavery is dead—so some people *say*.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONFERENCE IS HELD.

The strikers remained in their homes, or walked the streets quietly, attending the meetings of their union, where the leaders constantly cautioned peace, diplomacy, and forbearance of taunts, slurs, and insults.

Men were imported by the hundreds whom the mine owners reported as thousands, and still the strike did not break.

Hundreds of thugs, gamblers, and criminals were deputized as sheriffs' assistants to keep the peace, who swaggered up and down the streets, taunting, jeering, and jostling the miners—just to keep the peace.

The miners' wives and daughters were jostled and insulted when they appeared on the streets—all in the name of peace.

Those who sympathized with the miners were treated the same as the miners—only to keep the peace. And still the strike did not break.

The situation was growing desperate! Already one prominent merchant had failed and his creditors had possession of his store.

Something must be done or they would all be bankrupt. The mines were not sending out any ore, as the few imported miners were unskilled and incompetent.

This was the situation when the Reverend James Brown met Charlie Peck and Tim McGuire one afternoon. Tim had returned to Lame Brook a month after his disgrace,

Charlie having written that neither his wife nor the miners blamed him in the least.

"How do you do, Mr. Peck? I was just looking for you," said Mr. Brown, shaking hands cordially.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Brown. Why were you looking for me?" asked Charlie.

"The strike situation, of course," laughing. "Things are in a deplorable state, and the ministers of the city have prevailed upon the mine owners and the Citizens' Alliance to ask the miners to send a half dozen men to meet as many of them in an informal conference, and see if something can't be done to end this strike."

"Why, certainly; I am always in favor of meeting them in a spirit of fairness and justice, and I know the rest are. But you know we can only talk in an informal way. Of course, if there are any proposals made we will lay them before the union. Who do you want to attend beside me, or do you want me?"

"Oh, certainly, we want you, and leave the choice of the others to you. Now, you will all come prepared to be calm and dispassionate, won't you?"

"Certainly. But will you say as much for the others? When and where do you meet?" replied Charlie, laughing.

"Tonight, in the parlors of our church."

"All right, we'll be there; good day."

Charlie hunted up five of the most intelligent of the miners, all property holders, to go with him.

When they arrived at the church they found Mr. Parish and Mr. Dudley, mine owners; Mr. Hamilton, a banker; Mr. Green, a dealer in groceries; Mr. Smith, a dry goods and clothing merchant; Rev. Brown, Rev. Owens, Rev. Wilson

and Rev. Clark, of the Protestant churches, and Father Batz, of the Catholic church.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Brown, "we all know the object of this gathering, and I will only say that I hope we can discuss this question in the utmost fairness, and without provoking any bitterness. I would like to hear from Mr. Parrish."

"Now, then," said Mr. Parrish, "in order to arrive at justice we must go into the causes. This strike was called because of the failure of the legislature to enact an eight hour law, the miners claiming that it was a violation, not only of the pledges of the members, but the express command of the majority of the people. This presupposes that the majority are always right, but all history shows that quite often the majority, led by noisy clamor, are wrong. Now, when the legislators met and conferred with the leading business interests of the state, as well as those from eastern states, many of whom have large interests here, they saw the injustice of the law.

"First: It denies the right of private contract—one of the most sacred of our rights of citizenship—and I want to impress upon you the necessity of safe-guarding every constitutional right of even the humblest citizen.

"Second: The law would deprive investors of their income from savings invested in the stocks of our mines, mills and smelters—innocent widows and orphans would see their entire means of subsistence swept away at one stroke. For it is a fact that many of our industries could not exist and compete with others in the same line, but would have to suspend entirely, thus not only sweeping away—virtually confiscating—the savings of widows and orphans, but really

injuring those whom the law was aiming to benefit—the working class; throwing them out of work entirely when they now have—or would have but for this strike—steady employment at good wages. Thus you see, the law would be a two-edged sword, cutting off the heads of both employer and employed. This being true—and no one can dispute it—the legislators were justified in listening to reason and common sense, even though commanded by the vote of the people to do otherwise.

“The leading business interests of the state, and the United States, endorse and applaud the legislature. They also endorse the mill and smelter managers in this fight they are making to protect the interests of their innocent stockholders; and farther, and more important still, the fight to protect and retain that sacred constitutional right, the right of free, equal, unhampered private contract between man and man.

“Gentlemen, I have stated the case as I see it. I would like to hear from Mr. Peck,” and Mr. Parrish sat down amidst a distinct murmur of approval.

“Gentlemen,” said Charlie, “according to Mr. Parrish’s statement, neither he nor those who hold the same views should look for any adjustment or compromise in this controversy, as he would be compromising with an ignorant element who are struggling to force financial suicide upon themselves, their employers, and the whole community. We are charged with disregarding the rights of property, riding roughshod over the constitution of our state, and being in fact nothing but a lot of criminals—for that is what his charges amount to. He would thus place himself in the

position of being willing to compromise with crime. However—”

“No, no, Mr. Peck,” interposed Mr. Hamilton, “you draw a very wrong inference.”

“It is possible. But, as I was going to say, I trust that you people wishing to confer with me, as one of the principal representatives of the miners’ union, grant that there is another side to the question than that given by Mr. Parrish. Otherwise I can draw only one inference: You are ready, for the sake of temporary peace, to compromise with crime. For myself, I feel no sense of guilt, and may God grant that I will always be as ready to face my maker as I am today.

“As Mr. Parrish said, this trouble began when the legislature failed to obey the command of a very large majority of the people. He justifies this, hence practically saying that a government of the people, by the people, for the people, is wrong. Gentlemen, do you fully realize what that means?” pausing impressively.

“I don’t think, Mr. Peck, that he intended to put such a construction upon it,” assured Mr. Brown. “We all know that majorities sometimes make grievous errors.”

“I will not discuss that point. The record stands for the world to judge of its meaning,” resumed Charlie. “The claim is made that the industries affected by the eight-hour law could not stand the additional cost. It amounts to this: They could operate profitably at nine hours, but not at eight, profits coming to the employers somewhere between the eighth and ninth hour. If this be true, these industries are in their death agony now, and should hail with delight a legislative act, or a strike, that would save them from

the slow, lingering death, which is inevitable, for it must be plain to every thinking man that the eight-hour day is coming. The miners, though, have no fear that we are going to break the camel's back, for we know that the machinery of today enables a man working only eight hours to produce more than he used to in a twelve-hour day. We also know that our product is better marketed than in the past, the trust controlling the price and adjusting the output to the consumption, doing away with competition.

"In this adjustment of prices and market for our product we are forced to a closer acquaintance with our brother, the machine. We recognize that it is his work that causes us, when we go to work some morning, to see this placard: 'This mine is closed indefinitely, owing to a glut in the market.' As we slowly journey homeward, thinking over the chilling message, the grim spectre of want for ourselves and loved ones haunts our mental vision. Why this shutdown? Because we have worked too many hours a day; we have produced too much. Unlike our brother—the machine—we must eat, whether we work or not. Is it any wonder, gentlemen, that we strive to reduce the hours of labor? We will not be daunted by the fear that the industries will not stand it, for even though we know nothing of economics, we have seen mine owner after mine owner rise up and pass into the millionaire class."

"Yes, Mr. Peck, but you must remember that many of these men began life poor," interrupted Mr. Parrish. "I, myself, had practically nothing when I came here a few years ago."

"Sure, and that only helps my argument. I presume in all that time you have never drilled a hole or fired a shot.

Hired men have done the work and you reaped the reward."

"Yes, but Capital, Brain and Ability directed that work and are entitled to their reward."

"I'll admit it, but not yours. It was the brain and ability of hired men, managers, superintendents, engineers, and laborers, and they should have the reward, not you. I will not discuss that point farther, however, as I want to look at this sacred right of 'private contract.'

"Any private contract that retards the social development and bars our progress towards happier homes, nobler lives, and a general uplifting of the human race is a contract whose sacredness is written in hell! It is the plea of the usurer! the excuse of the swindler! the cry of the extortioner! and the main reliance of the Devil! The road from savagery to civilization is strewn with the torn, mangled remnants of private contracts signed by Satan in the lifeblood of men, women and children! And if we are to continue to progress, it can only be over that sacred right!"

"We have seen the slave rebel from that contract forced upon him by might; and Greece, Rome and Babylon fall! We know how the serf rebelled against that right! We know how our forefathers rebelled against the sacred and Divine rights of Kings, and declared that: 'All men were created free and equal,' and substituted a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. We saw the legal rights of chattel slavery swept from the statutes in the Civil war! We have seen the hours of labor reduced, step by step, from twelve to eight, and all these things, in their last analysis, have been in violation of what someone fondly imagined to be the right of private contract."

"No, gentlemen, the right of contract presupposes that both parties to a contract shall meet in perfect freedom to accept or reject the terms offered by the other. Laborers, even when acting as one man through their union representative, can never meet employers and make a free contract. They are always under duress."

"I think your conclusions, Mr. Peck, are rather far-fetched," objected Mr. Green. "We know that labor unions do make contracts with their employers which are entirely satisfactory to them."

"Quite true; but it is only because it is all they can expect to get at the time. Labor always stands with the horrible monster, Starvation, staring at it, never more than thirty days distant, and for the majority of that vast army it is but a week distant. Labor is always forced to the contract by the fear of hungry mouths which are dependent upon it. To say that Capital is in such fear is extremely laughable. Financial loss may force Capital to some extent, but absolute starvation, never! The only method by which Labor can contract with Capital in anything approaching freedom, is through the union; but this method is objected to as denying the sacred right of private contract to the humblest citizen.

"Organized Labor is the child of organized Capital, but we have made a sorry record as a harmonious family; and I fear that we will never have peace until the child grows to maturity and the parent passes to decay and death.

"The small business men, the middle class, now often called the dying class, are being ground between the mill-stones of the capitalist trust and the labor trust. As there has always been more stomach than brain in the world,

and more cowardice than courage, it naturally follows that the business man tries to break the weaker of the two stones that are crushing him, by joining with the capitalist class, under the name Citizens' Alliance. Another evidence of their decay, for they have allied themselves with the class who have conquered and outstripped them in business, rather than with the class they formerly mastered, they are now foolishly kissing the hand that smites them, and smiting the hand that kissed them.

"Mr. Parrish made the statement that the miners were committing economic suicide, but brings nothing to prove it. I now propose to show that the mine owners and Citizens' Alliance are madly struggling to do that which he charges us with. The crying need of the hour is to educate the people in the principles of economics. 'Buy cheap and sell dear' is the law of business which governs the man who only buys and sells manufactured commodities. The manufacturer foolishly thinks he is bound by the same rule, which isn't true. In this country we have twelve million male laborers, with an average of four persons depending on each laborer for their living, making sixty millions of people dependent on the wages of labor for their very life. The wage-earner, therefore, is the market where the manufacturer must sell his goods, the merchant merely acting as agent or go-between. The market, then, is good or bad according to the wages paid. If it were possible for the manufacturers to hypnotize the workers until they would work for nothing, the market for goods would be gone. The employers themselves would have committed financial suicide. This fact is too well known to dwell upon further, except to say that this would be but carrying your sacred

right of contract to its logical ending. In this backward march of civilization you can perceive that the business man, who only buys and sells commodities, would suffer as well as the manufacturer.

"Suppose one of you business or professional men, composing the Citizens' Alliance, and owning the bulk of the buildings and rented property here, should erect a building costing one hundred thousand dollars. Suppose you paid four dollars per day for labor—the Almighty furnishing the raw material free. Now, suppose that you think labor is getting too arrogant; you use your efforts to break up the union and the price of labor sinks to two dollars per day. Your neighbor can now duplicate your building for fifty thousand dollars, to which price you must come down if you want to sell. The rental must also come down one-half, to meet the competition of the cheaper building. 'Ah!' you will say, 'I could sell and buy again for the same money, so I have suffered no loss.' Suppose, though, that when you built at one hundred thousand you had borrowed fifty thousand in the effort to get rich quick. Where would you be? Out your money, the savings of years; out of the Citizens' Alliance—they would have no need for you—and you would join the army of wage slaves hunting a master—a master who would undoubtedly talk to you very glibly about the beauties of the mutual interests of Capital and Labor, and the sacred right of private contract.

"The same illustration holds for the manufacturer whose warehouses are filled with goods made by high-priced labor. If the price of labor is forced down one-half the value of his goods is only one-half what they cost him. I might add evidence to this for hours, but it is needless. I

think you can all see that if we miners only worked four hours a day, instead of eight, nine, or ten, and received seven dollars per day, that all other business, except mining and smelting, would fare four times as well as now. The number of men to buy goods, get sick and be doctored, quarrel and go to law, would be doubled, and each man would receive twice as big wages.

“Now, I am well aware that by such an arrangement Mr. Parrish would not have quite so much profit, nor would there be so much dividends to distribute among those ‘poor widows and orphans’ that we hear so much about—Messrs. Rockefeller, Gould, Guggenheim, Lewishon, Clark and the rest of that class,

“So you can see who it is, gentlemen, that is committing economic suicide. If the Citizens’ Alliance knew the first principle of economics, when their great god—Business—is disturbed, they would side with the workers in their fight for more, and still more; higher, and yet higher wages; but idiotically they join to beat down Labor, stay the wheels of progress, the advance of civilization, and commit financial suicide themselves.

“Gentlemen, I am done. What I have said I feel sure is the feeling of that portion of labor which has got to the stage where they can think for themselves, without listening to their masters’ voice. Those who have not progressed that far will be educated. The mere settlement of this strike was what we were to discuss. If we could settle the present trouble what is broadly known as the labor question would not be settled then by any means. It will only be settled when legalized robbery under the guise of the wage system shall pass away. In the meantime we are willing to

arbitrate, confer, or do anything but recede from our position," sitting down amidst a distinct murmur of applause from his associates, and faint applause from Mr. Brown and Mr. Green.

CHAPTER XV.

FREE AMERICA.

When the conference ended, Parrish and Dudley walked down the street engaged in low, earnest conversation. They entered a small restaurant, went straight to a box and ordered wine.

"I tell you, Parrish, that is the only thing to do," remarked Dudley, pouring himself a glass of wine.

"Yes, but how. These d——d fools go around as meek as mice. You can't start a row noway. Slap them on one cheek and they turn the other. They're like cattle; something needs to be done bad enough, and done quick, but what shall it be?"

Both sat for some time in deep study, which was broken by Dudley bringing his hand down on the table with a crash that made the glasses rattle.

"By G—d, I've got it; just the thing. We'll put up a fake attempt at train wrecking and have some of them miners charged with it. Public opinion will do the rest. That will give us an excuse for calling the militia. It will work like a charm."

"Yes, but how will you work it? Who will do the faking, and make it appear real?"

"Staling and Irish can pull it off to perfection. They are detectives and all around toughs, and would turn the stick for five hundred dollars. By the eternal! I'd willingly syste five hundred myself to start something doing," re-

plied Dudley, chuckling to himself at the success of the plot.

They rang the bell, ordered more wine and continued in close, subdued conversation until after midnight.

The morning of the second day following the conference the wires flashed forth the following message, which the newspapers all over the United States printed with scare headlines:

Dastardly Attempt at Train Wrecking!

Rails Removed on F. & C. C. R. R.

Two Hundred and Fifty Lives Endangered.

Striking Miners Arrested.

That morning two toughs were arrested and identified by the detectives as the men they had seen loosening the rails.

On the stand they confessed, and said they had been hired by Charlie Peck, Thomas Foss and W. F. Davidson, prominent men, and officers of the Miners' Union. One of the toughs said that for two hundred and fifty dollars he would wreck a train and kill every passenger.

Peck, Foss, and Davidson were arrested and thrown into a bull-pen preceding the securing of bonds in the amount of \$32,000 each.

The tough who said he would wreck a train for \$250 was released on \$300 bonds.

Excitement was at fever heat, and that evening Parrish, Dudley, Hamilton and several other leading citizens departed for Denver. They called upon Governor Peanuckle with a request that he call out the militia in the Lame Brook mining district.

"But, gentlemen, the mere attempt at train wrecking

is not sufficient justification for such a severe step as calling out the militia. There has been no other violence reported of any consequence, except a street brawl or two, which the authorities could easily handle. There has been no request from the peace officers for such a step. And, further, the state has no funds available for that purpose at the present time. I would be severely censured by the public for such a step in the present condition of things. Really, gentlemen, I can't see how it can be done," replied the Governor.

"But look here, Governor Peanuckle," argued Parrish. "Business is paralyzed. Duffy has failed, his store is in the hands of his creditors, and the same thing stares the rest of the business men in the face. The mines are not getting out any ore, the blamed scabs are not miners, just men picked up anywhere, and we won't have much mining done until we make an example of some of those ringleaders, and break the strike."

"Yes, Mr. Parrish, I admit the seriousness of the situation, and I am heartily in sympathy with you. But you know I must have a decent regard for public opinion——"

"Oh, the public be d——d! The public don't have to meet the sheriff when he comes with a bill of attachment to close a man's store! It is simply a few brainless, unorganized, tender-hearted ranters who imagine that business can be run on sentimental principles. To h——l with the public and its idiotic gush! The whole thing will be forgotten in thirty days, anyhow, even if they do make a roar now," replied Parrish.

"Well, well, I'll consider the matter. But I can't see how we can find money to defray the heavy expenses——"

"The Mine Owners' Association will advance \$100,000, or as much as is needed in this emergency, and the state can take measures to repay the loan when the legislature meets again," offered Parrish.

"Well, I'll consider the matter," weakly. "Call again at, say, four o'clock this afternoon."

As the committee left the Governor's private room, a messenger entered with a telegram which read:

"Lame Brook, Col.

"GOVERNOR JAMES PEANUCKLE,

"Denver, Col.:

"Send no troops. Everything quiet. Civil authorities can handle all disturbance.

WILLIAM ROBERTS, Sheriff."

The Governor arose and paced the floor, nervously fingering his watch charm.

"By Jove! I don't know what to do! I believe I'll confer with General Bull." Sitting down he took the telephone and called up General Bull, Commander of the National Guard of Colorado.

CHAPTER XVI.

Heroism is instilled into our minds from the cradle to the grave. The hero of all heroes is the military hero. To rush forth at the country's call, to defend with our lives the eternal principles of right, truth, liberty, and justice is instilled into our youthful minds as the noblest purpose of existence.

Our childish playthings are painted tin soldiers. Our first lessons at school are of dead and gone heroes. Washington, Sherman, Sheridan, Napoleon, Grant, Blucher, Wellington, Farragut, Jones and the whole long list are held up for our inspection, admiration, and emulation. Our school-day plays are mimic repetitions of Bunker Hill, Yorktown and Shiloh. Our youthful desires are a sword, a gun, and something to kill.

When we become grown we long to see ourselves crowned with the emoluments of heroic warfare; wear the cross of the Legion of Honor; stand before the cheering multitudes and modestly have some former hero pin upon our breasts the medal won on the battlefield; retire blushing from the stage, while the audience goes wild with enthusiasm, and submit ourselves heroically to be "Hobsonized." Yes, we grow up bloodthirsty, but it is no fault of ours.

With blare of bugles, clank of swords, hoarse shouts of command, and with the proud emblem of liberty, freedom and justice—"Old Glory"—waving its beautiful stars and stripes at their head, a column of cavalry dashed up the main street of Lame Brook to the City Hall. Entering the

building the commanding officer informed the Mayor and Chief of Police that the city was under military control.

Leaving the City Hall the officer went out upon the street corners and read the proclamation of the Governor, declaring the inhabitants of the county to be in a state of insurrection and rebellion, and proclaiming martial law in the county. Folding the document and placing it in his pocket the officer proceeded to the house of a citizen, entered, and informed the astonished owner that he wanted the building for military headquarters.

"But, sir, I want my building myself. I don't want—"

"It makes no difference what you want, sir! I must have this building!"

"But, sir! the constitution of Colorado and of the United States guarantees—"

"To hell with the constitution! You are under military law now! Will you surrender possession, or will I have to throw you out?" asked the officer, pointing through the window where stood his troop of soldiers, one of whom proudly held "Old Glory" waving loyally in the breeze. The citizen retired and the officer took possession.

Going next to the office of the *Record* he informed the editor that he would have to submit proofs of each issue to military headquarters before going to press.

"But, my dear sir! Are my rights as an American citizen to be trampled under foot! Are the constitutional rights of free speech and a free press to be thus gagged and throttled by a military despotism Can I not print what I choose?" remonstrated the editor.

"Shut up! No back talk, or I'll run you to the bull-pen to keep company with them train wreckers! It's where you

belong, anyhow! I've heard of the d——d Socialist tone of your paper! From this on you'll print only what I permit!" And the officer wheeled and strode out to the accompaniment of his clanking sword and jingling spurs.

Proceeding to the telegraph office he informed the superintendent that no message could be sent without first being submitted to him for approval.

Next he proceeded to headquarters, where he had notices typewritten to be posted up in conspicuous places; warning all people to keep off the streets; avoid assembling in numbers on the streets; to be in their residences by nine o'clock, P. M., on pain of arrest by the military patrol; and commanding the people to deliver at military headquarters all firearms in their possession—for which receipts would be given; and that those known to have firearms which were not delivered in twenty-four hours, their houses would be searched.

Having established military control, this humble servant of the people rested from his arduous labors until the next day.

Bright and early the citizens began to report at headquarters with firearms of all descriptions, which were promptly receipted for. But it was reported that many were standing on their right to bear arms—guaranteed by the constitution—and failed to appear, one lawyer sending a note to the commander, informing him that he had two guns and proposed to keep them.

The officer sent a posse of soldiers after the man and the guns. They got what they went after, by riddling the doors and windows of the lawyer's office and wounding him. The law was victorious—er—um—that is to say, one law.

There is a constitutional law of the United States and of the state of Colorado which says: "The right of the people to bear arms shall not be denied or abridged." This law was badly cracked, if not broken; at least it was not very victorious. The law that says, "To h—ll with the constitution," was victorious, all right.

The excitement, which had been high, had subsided and the city took on its usual air of Sunday inactivity, except for the tales of insults at the hands of the militia and the deputies, which the wives and daughters had to relate daily.

One day a business man asked the commanding officer how much longer he expected to remain.

"I don't know, sir. I am under orders only from God and Governor Peanuckle. I am here to break this strike and I guess I will do it all right." But in spite of the officer's "guess" the strike did not break.

Something must be done. A conference of the military, the mine owners and Citizens' Alliance was held, at which it was decided to post notices that "all idle men in the city after three days would be treated as vagrants, arrested and fined."

At the expiration of three days the militia started out to arrest some of the idlers and make an example of them.

"Why are you men standing here?" demanded an officer in command of a dozen soldiers, addressing a group of five men chatting on a street corner. "Why don't you go to work? There is plenty of work to do?"

"We don't care to work just now. We are resting a bit," replied one of the men.

"You don't, eh! I'll show you! Do you see that notice up there?"

"Yes, we have read that, but—as I said before—we don't want to work just now! We have money to live on, so we don't have to work unless we want to!"

"By G—d! I'll show you! What are you fellows good for, if not to work? Just consider yourselves under arrest, all of you, and come down to headquarters! Don't want to work, eh?" with a contemptuous sniff. "What do you suppose you were made for if not to work?" marching them to headquarters.

General Bull questioned them a few moments, lectured them on the sinfulness of being idle when the mine owners wanted men, and fined them ten dollars each. Two paid their fines, but the others said, although they had money, they preferred to go to jail rather than pay such an unjust fine.

"Go to jail!" thundered the General. "Not by a d——d sight! You'll go to work on the streets, and work there until you are ready to go to work in the mines, or get out of town! Put them to work filling up that cess-pool, Captain!"

In like manner little squads of men were rounded up by other bands of soldiers and sentenced to work on the streets. One gray-haired man protested: "General, I've got money in my pocket and money in the bank! I've got a good home and don't owe a dollar! I protest against this outrage! I am a working man, it is true, but I have the right to refuse to work if I choose without being called a vagrant. So has every other man so long as he doesn't beg. I'll not pay a cent! Its——"

"Put him to work. We'll make an example of these fellows!" ordered the General.

Down by the railroad there was an old cess-pool, which rumor stated contained the body of a man murdered a few years before by union miners. There was no certainty that such a murder had even been committed; but in the vain hope of bringing some evidence to light that would serve as a pretext for charging a crime upon the union, the cess-pool had been cleaned out by the soldiers.

Having rounded up some fifteen men, Captain Wall marched them to the cess-pool and ordered them to fill it up.

"You won't work, eh!" said the Captain, when some of the men refused. "Jab them with your bayonets, boys! Prod them good and hard! Ah, ha! You will work when you've got a good master, won't you?" as the men, realizing the force of the argument, sullenly picked up the shovels.

"Captain, I'm a free American citizen! I've got money in my pocket! I've committed no crime! And I'll die here in my tracks before I'll do your d---d dirty work!" said Harry Maklen, folding his arms, and scornfully facing the Captain.

"Defy my authority—do you! roared the Captain. "Prod him, boys! Jab it into him a plenty!"

Still this free American citizen stood there, with three soldiers jabbing him in the legs, hips, and sides with their bayonets! With flashing eyes fixed on the Captain, blood trickling down his legs, grim determination in his set features, he took the brutal torture.

"By G---d, Captain! This is nothing less than murder!" said one of the soldiers, pausing in the pleasing sport.

"I'll fix the d——d mule!" screamed the Captain. "Wilson, go to headquarters and bring a pair of hand-cuffs!"

"Bring him over to this telegraph pole!" ordered the Captain, as Wilson returned with the hand-cuffs.

Dragging him to a telegraph pole, his arms were placed around it, the shackles snapped on his wrists, and Harry Maklen stood there all day receiving the jeers and taunts of his masters!

"Think you're a free American citizen, do you!" chuckled the Captain as the shackles snapped together.

Gentle reader, this true picture of a wage slave may fill you with horror. It should not, for the same chains are binding the limbs of three-fourths of the population of America! The struggle only needs to become as acute between you and your master as it was between this slave and his master until you feel and see them yourself. You don't believe it? Go out in the market place, and hunt a master who is willing to buy you on the installment plan; join the mob of eight thousand kicking, biting, struggling humans standing all day in front of the department store in New York, in April, 1904; a mob suspending all traffic for blocks; requiring the calling out of the reserve police force of the city to keep order in this crowd of wage slaves waiting all day long to get a chance to sell themselves on the installment plan; sell themselves to one of the "Masters of the Bread," one of the men who owns the job by which they must live!

Go with the crowd of chorus girls to the Studebaker Theater in Chicago; be one of them to mob the stage manager, Mr. Wilson, in the attempt to be first in putting yourself on the auction block of wage slavery!

Go with the "divine right" mining slaves of Pennsylvania, and beg "Divine Right Baer" for a small increase of your slave wage!

Go with the telephone girl, the department store girl, the office girl; go with the woman who sings "The Song of the Shirt," while making shirts for fifteen cents a dozen; go with the baby slaves working ankle deep in the blood, bones, and filth of the packing houses, or as "dogs" in the glass factories, or in the cotton and woolen mills!

Go with the worker hunting a job! Go anywhere you will with the half million slaves whose masters have cast them adrift since January, 1904, cast them off because they could no longer make profits out of them; and at each step if you cannot hear the horrible rattle of the chains as plainly as Harry Maklen did, your imagination is so dulled with your servitude that your case is hopeless, and nothing less than the prodding of a bayonet in your ribs will start your brain to working.

Spread-eagle orators will fill the air for years to come, dilating upon the fact that, "We, we! struck the shackles from four million black slaves!" But not one of them will tell you the story of the Harry Maklens who are shackled to the wheels of wage slavery.

Christians will continue to send money and bibles to "Darkest Africa," but they will not even lift their voices to convert the heathens in "Darkest America!"

Do you think you are free when some other man owns the job by which you must live? Learn, then, that there are more people homeless, landless, propertyless in the United States today than the whole population of this country was forty years ago! Learn that fifty-three per cent of our pop-

ulation do not own as much of the earth—which God created for all men—as will make them a grave! Learn that when the directors of the United States Steel Corporation are all assembled there is gathered in this one room men owning one-twelfth of all the property in the United States! Learn that one man—a good Christian man—has, by virtue of the system of wage slavery, an annual income equal to the average income of—How many workers would you guess? Fifty? One hundred? One thousand? Ten thousand? Fifty thousand? One hundred thousand? Ah, more than that, my friend. This man, called “Honest John,” has an income greater than that of two hundred thousand wage slaves! Three men, John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, and Andrew Carnegie, have annual incomes equaling that of three hundred and forty-eight thousand wage slaves! Many other Captains of Industry are pressing close behind these noble officers in point of income; earning their living by the sweat of other men’s brows!

Anyhow this is a free country! You are free to think as you please! Oh, yes, certainly! But don’t think aloud if some other man owns your job, for he might think he was free to tell you to hunt another master.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW TO RETAIN THE MILITIA.

Peace and quiet reigned over the Lame Brook mining district, at least such peace as is possible to a people constantly harrassed by an overbearing military despotism.

It was reported that Governor Peanuckle, alarmed at the expense to the state—and possibly feeling the sting of public opinion—was going to recall the militia, a protest signed by over four thousand citizens having reached him.

“Well, fellows, if we allow the militia to be recalled now, we’re done for. We are beaten,” said Dudley, to three or four men assembled in the offices of the Golden Goose Mining Company.

“What can be done?” asked the banker, Hamilton. “I am willing for anything possible. I feel almost equal to murder. The bank is feeling this strain terribly.”

“I’ve got a plan that will hold the militia, put a black eye on the d——d union and, I believe, break the strike,” said Parrish.

“Tell it, quick,” said Dudley, “and if it’s feasible it shall be done.”

“Have an explosion!”

“Yes, but where, what, when?”

“Blow up the shaft of the Avenger! I’ve got the whole thing figured out! I’ll have the superintendent fix it up! Have him fix up a good big shot and arrange so as to lower the cage on it!”

"Yes, but may not some one get killed?" asked Hamilton.

"No, not if it's arranged right. And it wouldn't be much loss if it did kill some of them lazy, know-nothing devils up there! They know I've got to have them, and I'll swear the whole gang don't get out as much rock as half a dozen experienced miners would. They've ruined the pumps, the timbering is not half done, and I'm disgusted with the whole gang!" replied Parrish, in a wearied tone.

The conference continued for an hour longer, when they all went home.

The next day at noon the wires ticked out the following message to the world:

*Dastardly Murder by Union Miners!
Terrific Explosion Wrecks Shaft of Avenger Mine!
Mine Superintendent and Shift Boss Blown to Atoms!
Incriminating Evidence Found!*

As soon as the news of the explosion reached the city Parrish hastened out of his office and hunted up Dudley and Hamilton.

"My God, boys, this is terrible!" groaned Parrish, with blanched face.

"How in the world could it happen?" asked Hamilton, trembling as with the ague.

"I don't know! I'm going right up to the mine, and hunted up you fellows to caution you to be careful how you talk. My, my, it's awful! One of you fellows want to ride up with me?"

"Yes, I'll go," said Hamilton. "I want to get out in the air."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

The Captain of Industry—the big business man—is a much abused citizen. Carrying the weight of immense financial and industrial cares, steering a ship that has many other people's cargoes on board through the reefs, shoals, and hidden rocks of the Sea of Business, he knows he must follow a certain route marked out on the chart and leading tortuously to Success.

He knows that behind every island lurks a black, rakish vessel manned by as merciless a gang of genteel cut-throats as ever sailed under Captain Kidd. He knows that besides the rocks, shoals, reefs, and pirates, there are other dangers.

He knows that every other craft sailing towards Success is striving to reach the goal before him. He knows that he dare not falter; his eye and brain must lose none of their cunning; his natural affections and sympathetic impulses must be stifled; he must lend no helping hand to friend, nor yield a fraction of his Shylock dues to a fallen foe; his ear must be deaf to the weak wail of the starving infant suffocating in the slums; he must not hear the consumptive cough of the haggard woman toiling sixteen hours for the pittance that will feed the spark of life; he must not heed the insane cry that insanity has increased 600 per cent in fifty years; it matters naught to him that the increase in crime of the last fifty years will, if continued at the same ratio, land all of us in the penitentiary in three hundred years; he must not,

dare not, heed the wails, shrieks, moans, groans, cries and curses of the millions of babies damned into life—not born—ground in the mills, mines and factories of profit; painted, bleached, bleared, blackened, blasted and damned into prostitution; slaughtered in the demand for profits.

He knows these things are all around him, encompassing him on all sides, brushing against him, tugging at his coat often, pulling his heart-strings at times, swelling the lump of compassion in his throat; but always, unceasingly, endlessly whispering in his ear that he is but a part, an atom, of that whole. That steer as best he can, he can never sail away from Society and reach Success. He knows that he cannot escape that of which he is a part, but must have its corruption, its stench, its horrors to shock and offend his sensibilities at every turn, as he journeys onward.

For the road to Success—real success—is governed by the laws of business. The primal law of business is *profit*. The business man knows it whose customers' orders are for trains of coal; his customer also knows it whose orders from his customers in turn are for cars of coal; his customers in turn know it whose orders are for bucketsful, paid in pennies by the pallid, pauperized creature of the slums.

Business must have *profits*. The manufacturer who sells cotton goods to the jobber knows it; the jobber knows it and gets it when he sells to the retailer; the retailer knows it when he sells a cheap print to the worker's child, and a handsome lawn to the banker's daughter.

Business must have *profits!* The distiller knows it when he sells to the wholesaler; who *must* have *his* profit when he sells to the retailer; the retailer knows it when he fills the glass for the young man just entering the battle of life;

or for the palsied, gibbering, maudlin wreck, once fondled by some proud, happy mother, but now reeling to a drunkard's grave in the Potter's Field.

Get profits! or go down into the crowding, jostling, shrieking, groaning mass of your fellow men in the abyss.

To get profits the business man talks free trade or protection; free silver or gold standard; imperialism or anti-imperialism; is a Republican or a Democrat. To get profits the business man goes into politics; he elects the politician with bribes, and bribes him to bribe others; with bribes he buys cities, counties, states and nations.

The bigger the business man, the nearer he comes to Success, the greater is his name and power in the financial world, the more imperative is it that he follow the one unflinching, relentless rule of business—get profits. And the more imperative it is that he shall have his bribed allies in city, county, state and national offices. The business man knows these things to be true—he knows that Business is business.

But some other people don't know it, even the business man in one line ofttimes forgets it of the fellow in some other line of business. Professional men, teachers, preachers, some so-called statesmen, laborers, and women are ignorant of this law of business.

Oh, yes, the women! The Captain of Industry does have a hard time showing some of the women how impossible it is—utterly impossible—to do business without making profits, and still attain success.

Yes, the Captain of Industry does have a hard time; he is abused shamefully. He may be able to stand off his gentlemen friends who insist that he should extend credit to

Brown or Jones, who are unfortunate, or tell him he should have kept out of that gas franchise, or electric road steal; or who reprove him for supporting that gambler or blackleg for the council or congress; he may laugh and joke away the reproofs of some lady acquaintances, even. But, alas! he may have a mother, sister, sweetheart or wife! And some of these are *so* persistent when they hear of some little shady stock promotion deal, or council bribery that has got into the papers. He loves them; the money he has made in the transactions they condemn was all made for their sakes; he gives it freely, nor asks how they spend it! But they ask in sweetest innocence: "John, can't you afford to pay those girls in the store more than three dollars a week? They can't live honest lives on that." Or, in childish ignorance of business, they say: "Henry, dear, isn't it wicked to have those little children, who ought to be in school, tending those great, noisy, whirling, dusty machines? The poor things look so pale and pitiful! Why don't you employ those idle men who are roaming the streets?"

How can he ease his wife's conscience? She who feels that her duty is to guard his morals from the contaminating influence of business and politics; she who feels—yes, knows—that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," when she indignantly asks: "James, *why* do you vote for that miserable wretch! that moral leper! for the council? You know his carriages, diamonds, and luxuries are all derived from the rental of houses where our female outcasts sell their souls into deepest damnation! You know that his business is to lure innocent maidens into his winerooms; maidens with the innocent pink flush of the new-blown rose on their cheeks, whence they emerge with the bloom faded, the

innocence gone, and the brazen laugh of the harlot on their lips! Why do you do it, dear?" And the arm of her he loves more than all the world circles his neck and her lips print a kiss on his brow. Yes, you Captain of Industry, you are to be pitied when she whom you vowed to love, cherish and protect; she for whose sake you do these things, asks these questions.

What do you say? What *can* you say? You have tried, oh, so many, *many* times to show her that it is necessary for your success; it is because it is business; that to do those things is a part of the system; that not to do them is to fail; but always to be met with that playful shake of the finger and innocent look of ignorance. She can't understand that Business is business, and that you must employ every device, every scheme, your competitor employs; and, if possible, devise new schemes, bribes, and devices of which he is ignorant. You have told her innumerable times that statistics show that ninety-five per cent of those who enter business, fail; and that Dun's and Bradstreet's books today have only three per cent of the names they had twenty years ago.

And now, you Captain of Industry, when these questions are asked again with the same sweet innocence, the same blissful ignorance, the same high moral goading of spirit in which they have been asked a thousand times, you turn wearily aside. You side-step by asking about the babies, the servants, the gas-man, the ice-man, the flowers, anything, everything, trying to switch the conversation. But you know you're helpless. You sigh, knowing your sighs are useless. You turn uneasily in your chair, but you cannot escape. You know that the irrepressible wife, mother, or daughter, with a high, moral purpose and a blissful ignorance of business, will extort a promise from you to do differently.

You promise. You say that you will pay more wages than your competitor. You promise not to support dishonest men for office; nor tempt honest men with bribes, when they want to be, try to be, honest. You promise under duress. It is extorted from you. But you must have peace. You know you will not, cannot, keep your promise.

Again I say that the Captain of Industry—and the would-be Captains—are abused and maligned shamefully. Business is business, and the cornerstone of business is profit. The Captain of Industry is to be pited. He cannot be other than what he is; do otherwise than what he does, and reach the port, Success. Success is not gauged by the man you have pulled down and trampled upon in the race; nor by that of the man by your side, with whom you are struggling; but by the man ahead of you, whom, if you grasp his limbs, get your hand on his throat, you must trample ruthlessly, heartlessly, and push onward to the goal—Success.

“But,” you say, “he is charitable; he is humane; he is generous. He builds churches, universities and libraries. He spends millions in charitable and philanthropic enterprises every year.”

True, very true. But he does it as *charity*, after he has made it in *business*. And, too, giving in charity helps business. But giving in business will not help charity, but will make the giver himself an object of charity. Business is business always.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. PARRISH'S FAMILY.

Ruth Courtney was the daughter of a Massachusetts banker. Sojourning at one of the beautiful summer resorts of Colorado, she met William Parrish. She was a graduate of Vassar, cultured, polished and refined. In spite of her Vassar training she remained very much a woman. She was sympathetic, generous, and emotional, with a dislike for ostentation and display—society, and a liking for home life. The dashing, brilliant, witty Parrish, rising in the world, attracted her. Her plain good looks, embellished by her talents and culture, made her positively beautiful in his eyes.

In a year they were married. She brought a goodly dower with her, which many people assert that Parrish, by his skill as a financier, used as the nest-egg to build up his immense fortune.

They lived a happy life, and when their little boy was born it seemed as if their cup of happiness was full. The boy was the image of his father, and the mother fairly worshipped the little fellow.

Two years later came little golden-haired Margaret. Their cup of happiness was now overflowing. Mr. Parrish loved both his children dearly, but Margaret had the largest place in his heart, while Mrs. Parrish was a trifle partial to the boy, George. For was he not the very image of his father?

As Mr. Parrish went up the steps of his beautiful home

the evening after the explosion at the Avenger, his little two-year-old Margaret came toddling across the porch to meet him.

“Hello, Papa! Kiss Margie!” holding out her little hands.

His brow was wrinkled, his mind perplexed. He stooped and raised her to his shoulder.

“Kiss, Papa! Kiss Margie!” kicking and struggling. He took her in his arms and kissed her, again and again, then heaved a sigh. Did his mind revert to a home where some other little Margie would watch and wait in vain, day after day, week after week, for papa to come; to run and meet him; put up a rosebud mouth to be kissed; twine tender, loving arms around papa’s neck? Ah, who knows?

His wife met him at the door with a kiss: “O Will, isn’t it awful? Can’t something be done to end this terrible strife? Think of those poor men hurled into eternity without an instant’s warning! Think of their families! We must go and see if we can’t do something for them.”

“Don’t excite yourself, Ruth; I have ordered that everything be done to make them comfortable——”

“Yes, Will, I knew you would do that; you are always generous. But that is only physical comfort. What they need is comfort for the soul, the touch of a kind hand, the mingling of a sympathetic tear. Money cannot buy these, nor pay for them. We must call and speak a word of cheer and hope,” her eyes suspiciously dim.

“Not this evening, Ruth. I am sick myself! I’m half crazy. I don’t know which way to turn,” throwing himself on a couch.

His mind was tortured: “Go and call on those women

and meet their accusing eyes? Heavens! he had never dreamed of such a thing! And their eyes would accuse! He knew it in his inmost soul! Knew it as his own conscience accused him!" and he groaned in mental anguish.

He went to the table, but the food was bitter. He left it untouched on his plate. His wife tried to cheer him up and divert his thoughts; but he could not talk, scarcely knowing what she said. Margie came and climbed on his lap, patted his cheek with her dimpled hand: "Poor Papa; Papa sick!" George jealously came and stood by his side. He bent over, lightly touching each head with his lips. He glanced at his wife; she was wiping her eyes. Did she, too, think of the babies who would wait to kiss the Papa who would never come?

He arose from the table and walked slowly from the room.

CHAPTER XX.

THE REVEREND MR. BROWN HAS A STRUGGLE.

The Reverend James Brown was a man of high moral purpose. Minister of Lame Brook's most fashionable church, drawing a large salary, mingling with the wealthy classes, he had little opportunity to learn the thoughts, the hopes, fears, desires, and ambitions of the great, swarming, struggling mass of humanity who toil at Labor's wheel.

Home and foreign missions; aid societies; threatened doctrinal changes; the upbuilding and strengthening of his church; the growing evil of divorce; the growing laxity of the people towards spiritual matters, and the innumerable demands on his time prevented him giving more than a passing thought to the labor question. He had read but little of economics, as they required deep study. He had talked with members of his flock, employers of labor, and gained such information as they could give him. He had attempted to talk with the workers, but had never had a satisfactory talk with any of them until his meeting with Charlie Peck.

Mr. Peck had opened the gates and let in a flood of light which dazzled the minister's mental vision. Accustomed to logic in his ministerial capacity, it was easier for him to tear our social structure to pieces and dissect it than for most men.

After his first meeting with Charlie, in Parrish's office, he went home, and with the thoughts given out at that interview, and other ideas which logically presented them-

selves, he began anew the study of the labor problem.

The more he studied, the greater was his mental distress—for mind you this was a man who wanted to be honest—he couldn't rest; he could not properly prepare his sermons; more and more this labor question took possession of him. There were things he could not clear up in his mind. He could not look at the situation from any but his own viewpoint.

Such was his state of mind when he attended the conference of the ministers, miners, mine owners, and Citizens' Alliance. Now the atmosphere was clear. The sun shone forth and illuminated Truth standing on top of a high mountain and thundering to the multitude: "I am Truth! My principles are natural law! I am supreme and eternal! I can be wounded, but never slain; wounded, I rise stronger than before! Lies, slander, persecution, perjury, privation, hypocrisy, and injustice cripple, maim and torture me, but I rise supreme! I am the primal law of the Divine Power! By my side are the children of my loins—Liberty, Justice and Freedom! We are invincible!"

Naturally of a poetic temperament, Mr. Brown conjured up the vision of Truth, rebuking mankind. He felt the rebuke was deserved. Already he was formulating in his mind his next sermon. He would preach in his most eloquent manner of the violation of God's law! He would move his audience to tears! The rich would repent and make restitution.

This strike should end and harmony prevail! Leaders were wanted, men of force, eloquence and standing. The oppressed of the world were fighting an unequal battle; all the forces of evil were against them. It was his duty, as that of every other man of God, to lend his eloquence and all the powers at his command in this unequal strife.

His imaginative mood carried him on higher, and still higher. He could see all the world at peace. All living in love and harmony. No strikes, no lockouts, no wars, no murderers, no suicides, no crime, no misery, no drunkenness, no vice, no hatreds.

His eyes glowed, his face was radiant. He showed the zeal and fervor, the magnetism that sways and leads multitudes in tears, and then to laughter. He saw his duty. He was a servant of the Lord. The Lord commanded him. He must obey.

Swiftly he had risen in the realms of fancy, following the beckoning finger of Truth. The zenith was almost reached when in front yawned a fearful chasm! That chasm which has confronted thousands of converts who have searched into the labor problem and discovered, Truth; Truth divested of the shams of society.

The chasm was *me*—I. What of me? How shall I eat? Where shall I sleep? What shall I wear? What of my material interests?

He had seen that chasm many times before, but always as a vision. Its awful reality, its fearful depth, its awful crags, its impenetrable blackness, he had never seen before!

He shrank back, cowering and trembling. He had a splendid salary, a nice home, a dear wife and babes; he knew no physical, material want, unsatisfied. Once he had known bitter want! Aye! kicks, cuffs, curses, struggles for bread! It was in the long ago, but fresh in memory, now, though for long forgotten.

His position was not secure. He was subject to the orders of the trustees of the church—clearly flashed into his mind the words of Charlie Peck: "The preacher is but the

slave of the Church, the Church but the slave of the Capitalist System."

Now he began to falter, doubt, argue, dissimulate and retreat. Was it Truth he had seen beckoning him onward? Had he not been deceived by plausible sophistries? No! No! his reason could not be deceived!

He wavered and rallied; tossed and rolled in bed; his soul was tortured with anguish! Truth and Duty, those tireless mentors, goading and urging him on; physical, earthly, material interests fettering his limbs, palsying his tongue. In mental agony he turned to the wall and prayed the Lord for guidance, and in prayer let us leave him for the present.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN HOPE REALIZES HIS POSITION.

Following the explosion in the Avenger the Governor issued a call for the enlistment of more men. The highways and byways were scoured for men; for, while men will scramble for the chance to enlist to fight a foreign foe, they are not so eager to enlist to shoot their friends and companions, even brothers. The glory of war, the cheap tinsel of the inflated tin hero, fails to lure when the only glory is shooting down a man whom you believe to be in the right—and drawing sixteen dollars a month as a reward.

This being the case, it is little wonder that the bulk of the recruits come from the byways, the slums. Men who have no honor, character, or principles, are the first to enlist to crush the workers. The militia was hired to the mine owners to break the strike. As there was no disturbance, part of them were made to work in the mines. For, as the news of the strike spread, it became almost impossible to get miners.

To prevent the union miners from communicating with the imported men the principal mines were enclosed with high board fences, outside of which armed guards patroled, challenging all comers. Such an enclosure was around the works of the Golden Goose.

John Hope recovered from his temporary sickness in a couple of days, the cook having dosed him liberally with

emergency remedies of his own compounding, of which the main ingredient was whiskey.

"What kind of a mess is this that we have got into?" asked John of the cook when he felt able to talk. "How long are we to be held prisoners; do you have any idea?"

"Nobody knows," answered the cook, with a grin. "This is likely to be a stubborn fight, and it may last six months. But you can bet you'll be a prisoner until it's over."

"That's where you are fooled. I'll quit——"

"Will you? I'd like to see you! How will you do it? You're a prisoner."

"Yes, but I won't work. You know one man can lead a horse to water, but forty can't make him drink," replied John.

"Don't you believe it! You may not work very much but you will work all right. When you are prodded a few times with a bayonet you'll change your mind."

"Do you mean to say that free American citizens will be held prisoners, and driven to work at the point of a bayonet, like slaves?"

"Judging by what you saw last night when that fellow tried to escape, do you think you are out here on a picnic?"

"True. But do you think there is no other way? I will write to my friends, my lodge brothers——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the good-natured cook. "I'm sorry for you fellows. I'm sorry to see all this trouble. But do you think men who would hold you prisoner would leave that kind of a hole for you to crawl out? Ha! ha!" laughing, derisively.

"By the gods! I will get out some day, when this strike is over! And there will be a reckoning then! There

is law in this country, and no man can be held a prisoner unless charged with crime! I'll have mighty good pay for my time, and don't you forget it!" replied John, hotly.

"I know there is law in this country, my friend. But don't think it's for the likes of you. It's for the men who hold you prisoner. You'd be a d——d fool to go to law. This Golden Goose Company could drag you around in the courts for ten years—just literally wear you out. You'll get out fast enough when the strike ends, for they will turn you out like a dog. I've seen these fights, and I know what they are. Take my advice; keep cool, work a little, and when you are turned off get out of this country as fast as steam will carry you."

John groaned in mental anguish, and, turning his face to the wall, gave himself up to some very bitter reflections.

He thought of his wife and babies, so far away. They would be looking for a letter from him today, and he lying here a prisoner, a slave! Driven from home by his cruel necessities, lured into the trap under false pretenses, he was the slave of a master apparently as heartless as ever chased a black slave with blood hounds through the swamps of Louisiana!

In fancy he could see his little flaxen-haired girl watching for the postman with eager eyes, and could still hear her frantic wail; "Tum back, Papa, me don't want you to go 'way!" and the poor fellow sobbed aloud.

"Don't be a baby, Pard," said the cook, sympathetically.

"Baby! Good God, I'd like to fight the whole Golden Goose outfit, a man at a time!" fiercely, turning to face the cook.

"Oh, 'taint that. But you see you'd better make the best of it, that's all."

CHAPTER XXII.

CLASH OF THE MILITARY AND CIVIL AUTHORITIES.

The heavy bonds required of the miners arrested for the attempted wrecking of the F. & C. C. train caused their detention for several days.

In the meantime, the suspicious actions of McKenzie, the man who confessed that he had been hired by the Miners' Union to commit the dastardly deed, led to his arrest for perjury.

Circumstantial evidence of the detectives who made the arrest, coupled with the stories told by McKenzie, did not agree.

The whole thing looked to be a conspiracy. When tried on the perjury charge, and subjected to a rigid cross-examination, he broke down and confessed that he had really been hired by the detectives to loosen the rails, and when arrested to swear the miners hired him to commit the act. He was bound over to the higher court and released on the farcical bond of three hundred dollars!

A man confessing that he would kill a whole train load of people for two hundred and fifty dollars! Who entered into a conspiracy to swear three innocent men into the penitentiary! Released on such a bond! What a travesty!

Public indignation was at fever heat, and the clamor rose high for the release of Peck, Foss and Davidson. Having no evidence on which to hold the men the prosecutor asked that the case be dismissed, which was done.

However, the men were not in the custody of the civil

powers, but were held by the military, who refused to release them.

The constitution of Colorado declares that the military shall always be subordinate to the civil power. It also declares that the sacred right of habeas corpus shall be suspended only by vote of the legislative body. The constitution also declares that the civil courts shall always be free from coercion or intimidation by the military powers. General Bull refused to release the prisoners, holding them on the plea of military necessity.

The Miners' Union promptly swore out a writ of habeas corpus. The sheriff, when he attempted to serve the writ, was stopped by the guard and not allowed to approach the officers to serve the papers.

Parleying was indulged in for several days, the officers finally deciding to bring the prisoners before the court.

COOK

"

best of it,

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOLLY HAS A STRUGGLE WITH HERSELF.

Dolly Walsh was swayed by conflicting emotions. When Charlie Peck was arrested she tried to congratulate herself on her escape from him, in spite of the whisperings of a "wee small voice" in her heart.

When the second confession of McKenzie was made public, clearing the men, a great sigh of relief went up from Dolly. Why she should feel relieved she could not explain. None of these men were anything to her. Possibly it was only because of her sense of justice.

She was miserable. There was no employment to be had and she was dependent upon the charity of the Kimmels. To be sure they tried to make her feel that she was entirely welcome, but she knew that Mr. Kimmel's business was doing badly since the strike.

With the coming of the soldiers Beny Wall had been made a captain of the militia. His narrow, egotistic soul swelled with pride at his exalted position.

When in Dolly's company he, of course, dwelt upon the strike from the view-point of the owning class. He exulted in the arrest of three miners, and pictured them in the penitentiary. When the confession of McKenzie cleared them, he agreed that it was right that the militia should hold them anyhow, on general principles, in spite of law.

All this was very distasteful to Dolly. She shrank from him and felt that gradually what love she had for her af-

fianced was slipping away. It was this wretched strike, though, that caused it. When it was ended, Charlie Peck's name would not be on everybody's tongue, dinned in her ears night and day, and she could forget him.

Captain Wall—as his friends now called him—urged Dolly to name their wedding day, but she was not yet ready.

Poor girl; she had to face the problem that so many thousands of her sisters have had to face under our present system, and which they will have to face so long as the system continues. She had to choose between her pride, heart yearnings, and poverty with the man she loved; and security from want, luxury, ease, the homage the world pays worldly success, and a lifetime with a man for whom she was even now losing that regard she tried to persuade herself was love.

She shrank from his caresses as from the touch of a lizard. Unwittingly she wiped his kisses from her hands as she would a spot of soot. She felt defiled by his presence, and a feeling of relief possessed her when he left her at the door.

You ask why she did not break with him? Because she felt that she was a slave to her conditions. She felt the fetters on her limbs. The bread and butter question confronted her—for even lovelorn maids must eat. She was now dependent, and if she broke with Captain Wall she might always be dependent. She had tasted and possessed enough of the luxuries of life so dear to the feminine heart to want more.

Charlie Peck had never spoken to her since that fateful night, and she did not know that he would ever speak, even though she humbled herself in the dust at his feet.

“Life is but a lottery,” she consoled herself. “Other women sell themselves for comforts, luxuries and security, why not I?”

CHAPTER XXIV.

MILITARY POWER VERSUS CIVIL POWER.

Lame Brook was in a fever of excitement. The streets were thronged with people. The militia were to bring the miners into court to hear the arguments in *habeas corpus* proceedings.

In three of the streets leading to the Court House were planted Gatling guns, with the gunners beside them, alert, erect, ready for instant action.

The roofs of the neighboring buildings swarmed with sharp-shooters. On each side of the walk approaching the Court House and completely surrounding the building stood the state's brave preservers of liberty and freedom, with Krag-Jorgesens ready for instant use, ready to quell any outburst from an indignant, outraged, unarmed citizenship.

A buzz of excitement goes up from the crowd as a carriage stops in front of the Court House. An attendant opens the door and out steps General Bull and General Chaste. Resplendent, glittering, and dazzling with the golden stripes, sashes and insignia of their exalted position, glancing neither right, nor left, they marched to the door, the people instinctively shrinking from so much greatness, the privates slavishly saluting their masters."

"Place a guard at this door, and allow no one to enter!" commanded General Bull, entering the building.

"Here they come!" buzzed the crowd in awed whispers.

Marching down the street, between a double file of twelve soldiers, came Peck, Foss and Davidson.

At their head marched Captain Beny Wall, in full uniform, sword clanking at his side, strutting like a peacock.

"Hello Charlie, old boy! You'll soon be free now——"

"Silence!" thundered Captain Wall. "Speaking to the prisoners will not be allowed."

A murmur of indignation rolls forth as the prisoners are hurried into the court room.

"Here comes Judge Sands," whispered the crowd, as a man hurried up the street.

"Halt! no one is permitted in the court room!" ordered the guard, pointing his bayonet at the Judge's breast as the latter attempted to enter.

"But I am Judge of this court!"

"I'll see about that," replied the guard, sticking his head inside the door.

"Admit him!" said General Chaste.

The Judge entered and found the room filled with bristling bayonets, and the three prisoners standing before the bench surrounded by soldiers.

As the Judge took his seat the attorney for the Miners' Union arose and said: "Your honor, I protest against this proceeding! I cannot go on with this case unless the military are withdrawn! The constitutional guarantee that courts shall be open and free has been invaded! The court is under duress! The court is intimidated by the military! The constitution declares——"

"To hell with the constitution!!" interrupted Judge Advocate McClain, representing the military. "This rot about the constitution makes me weary! We appear in court not recognizing any power, any authority! The prisoners are dangerous, lawless men, kept as a military necessity——"

"Your honor, I will not remain in court!" said the

miners' attorney. "There is no law here but anarchy! No law but the law of might! No decision this court may render can be enforced! The court is powerless, yet on the dome of this building proudly floats the stars and stripes! Our republican institutions are overthrown and a military despotism reigns supreme!" walking swiftly from the room.

"I feel that Mr. Engdale's words are only too true," said the Judge, "nevertheless, the prisoners are here and if you, Mr. McClain, can show cause why they should be detained, I am ready to hear your arguments."

"If the court pleases," said Mr. McClain, "we have only this argument, military necessity. These prisoners are leaders among the strikers. They foment and agitate trouble; direct and counsel the ignorant in acts of violence, and, therefore, are dangerous to the peace and welfare of the community when at large——"

"I beg to remind you, sir, that all this is foreign to the subject and in violation of court procedure. You say you have no charges to file against these men. I must order them released. We are on exceedingly dangerous ground. I cannot imagine any right more sacred than that of personal liberty to the citizen, if he is law-abiding.

"The fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States declares that: 'No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.' The same guarantee of personal liberty is a part of the fundamental law of the state of Colorado.

"The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus guarantees

to every citizen the right to a judicial determination of any accusation made against him; and in the free and untrammeled exercise of that power the courts will not allow a citizen to be imprisoned or restrained of his liberty, unless he is so held by the proper authority under the charge of violating the law of the land.

"The principle that the military shall in time of peace be in strict subordination to the civil power, as well as the declaration: 'That the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety required it,' are firmly engrafted in the law of this state, as well as that of every state in the Union.

"There is at this time no rebellion or invasion which can justify the military department, acting under direction of the chief executive of the state, holding these men in violation of the law. In fact the only 'rebellion' that exists in the jurisdiction of this court at this hour is the rebellion of the executive department of the state government against the constitution and the laws.

"The only 'invasion' of which the court is aware is the unwarranted and lawless invasion of constitutional liberty involved in holding these men without due process of law.

"The fact that the courts are open and ready, willing and able, unless interfered with by arbitrary power, to decide all matters regularly brought before them, and to execute and enforce their judgments and decrees, is of itself sufficient reply to any claim that a condition exists which will in the smallest degree justify the forcible detention of these men under the plea of military necessity.

"To deprive a man of his liberty, denying the right of trial, at once admits and recognizes only the law of force,

of might, of power. The weak and defenceless would be made the prey of the strong. In fact, when we once deny that right, and ignore and set aside the law, the field opened to our imagination is absolutely limited only by the devilish ingenuity of man to enslave, rob, and despoil. I must again order the prisoners released."

"With due respect for the court," sneeringly answered Mr. McClain, "we will still hold the prisoners, as a military necessity."

"As you please, sir. This court is under duress and powerless to enforce its own decrees. The court is adjourned."

With Generals Bull and Chaste leading, the soldiers escorted the prisoners from the court room.

The crowd was more dense than before; men, women, and children crowding to the front to get a better view.

Dolly Walsh stood half way from the court house to the street. As the prisoners approached, surrounded by their guards, Captain Wall in the lead, head back, form erect, sword rattling at every step, Dolly noted the haggard faces of the prisoners and her heart smote her with pity.

"O, Tom!" wailed a woman pushing her way through the crowd, bearing a child in her arms.

"Kiss Birdie, papa!" pleaded the child with outstretched arms.

"My God, Martha! You and Birdie here!" exclaimed Foss, starting towards the woman.

Hearing the voice Captain Wall whirled in time to see Foss, apparently breaking through the guards: "Knock him down!" he thundered.

Down came the butt of a rifle, knocking Foss limp at his wife's feet.

"You inhuman brute!!" hissed Charlie Peck, striking the ruffianly soldier a blow that sent him sprawling.

"Crash!" came a rifle butt on Charlie's head and he sank without a groan.

Dolly stood within ten feet, heard the woman's voice, the child's plea for a kiss, the brutal Captain's command, saw the rifle swing in the air, heard Foss' groan, saw the soldier stagger under Charlie's blow, and he, in turn, sink under the swinging rifle butt. It all occurred in an instant. The sight almost froze the blood in her veins. In a second she flashed hot, and with flaming cheeks and blazing eyes she pounced on Captain Wall.

"You cowardly cur!! You monster!! fiend!! brute!! demon!! You imp of hell itself——"

"Why—Dolly—Dolly—Miss Walsh! I—you—this is no place——" he vainly strove to speak, to reassure her of the necessity of harsh measures.

"Don't dare speak to me!" rising the full height of her five-foot three. "I despise you!! Take your ring!!" throwing it at him. "If I was a man I'd kill you!! Take that!!" slapping his face, leaving the print of her fingers in scarlet on his cheek.

All the tiger in her was aroused. She scratched his face; knocked off his hat; and had her fingers in his hair when he yelled: "Take the she-devil away! knock her down! pull her off!"

The soldiers grabbed her, and, in their efforts to separate her from the Captain, stripped her to the waist, trampled her hat, tore her skirt, and loosened her hair in a great waving, disheveled mass about her shoulders.

She had been laboring for months under great mental train, and as her captors overpowered her she sank to the

earth struggling, kicking, and weeping in hysterical passion.

The excitement was terrific, the crowd hissing and indignant, pushed forward. The two Generals, some paces ahead, dropping their pompous dignity, hurried back! "Keep the crowd back! Jab them with your bayonets! Fall back, there! Fall back!"

Armed force pushed back the surging crowd.

"Call a carriage and take this wild-cat home—if she has a home!" ordered General Bull.

"Get those men on their feet and out of here! Are you hurt, Captain?" to Captain Wall, who was taking an inventory of himself after being rescued from Dolly's clutches.

"Only a few scratches, General. My, but she's a fury! A regular she-devil!"

The men, who were only dazed, were helped to their feet and hurried away.

The citizens revived Mrs. Foss, who had swooned when her husband fell at her feet. A carriage was called and she and Dolly were driven home.

From the top of the court house "Old Glory" flapped proudly in the breeze.

CHAPTER XXV.

CLASS FEELING BECOMES ACUTE.

John Kimmel had been a miner, who, coming to the camp in an early day, invested part of his earnings in mining prospects. When the consolidation usual to all camps when they have passed the prospect stage, and real mining begins, had started, he sold out his prospects, realizing enough to start him in business.

He was popular and prospered in his business, and at the time of the strike was one of the leading merchants of Lame Brook.

He had studied the labor problem from its only true viewpoint—the economic interpretation of history—and as a result he was an avowed Socialist.

He was an intelligent, well-read man, able to meet all comers when discussing economic questions. His political views in no wise affected his popularity, people who differed with him only laughing: "We know Kimmel, he's all right."

But when the strike started, class feeling began to manifest itself, and grew stronger as the strike lengthened.

Dolly Walsh was the daughter of an old friend of his wife, and, being childless themselves, the Kimmels had come to look upon her almost as their own daughter.

When John Kimmel heard of the trouble at the Court House, and all the incidents connected therewith, he was outspoken in his denunciation of the militia. What more natural than that he should be? Many of the citizens whose sympa-

thies were with the mine owners were very bitter in discussing the outrage.

"O, Mr. Kimmel, I am awfully mortified to think how I acted," said Dolly, when discussing the matter that evening. "I couldn't help it. I love Charlie! have always loved him! I thought I could cast him out of my mind, but it is useless to try. When I saw his poor, white, sorrowful face I could have cried! Then when I saw Mrs. Foss try to speak to her husband, the baby beg for a kiss; the father clubbed and fall at his wife's feet; then the others go down, I thought I should faint. I must have gone crazy then, for all I remember clearly was that I wanted to avenge the whole cowardly proceeding."

"You needn't feel mortified in the least, Dolly. You did just right; in fact, half the women in town would have done the same. They all envy you and admire your pluck, if the truth could be known. I am glad you have discovered that your love for Charlie was not dead. We have known it all the time."

"I want to see him and tell him how wicked I have been. When do you suppose they will turn him loose?"

"It is hard to tell. But surely we can do something to obtain justice," replied Mr. Kimmel.

Gradually the excitement died down, and the old Sunday dullness settled over Lame Brook. But the strike did not break. On the contrary, it seemed to have settled into a contest of endurance. Class feeling, however, was becoming more pronounced. Kimmel could now notice a distinct coolness on the part of many business and professional men. They spoke coldly, if at all; they did not come into the store; they turned their heads to look across the street or into the store windows. Old friendships were broken; lodge

brothers would not speak; church members scowled at each other as they sat in their pews; even the children caught the infection and drew their class lines.

The situation was desperate. Several stores had closed, and their owners walked the streets scowling at the miners' co-operative store.

Charles Moyer, the President of the Western Federation of Miners, was arrested and thrown in the bull-pen, as were local officers and leaders of the union, all being charged with various crimes.

Three months had rolled away. Quiet reigned and the militia were recalled, except a few to do patrol duty. Part of those who were recalled were taken to Denver and discharged without pay, without rations, or even blankets. When they inquired regarding their pay the officer told them he did not know when they would be paid.

They took possession of the old barracks and remained, some of them, two weeks, living on the charity of the families in the neighborhood.

Mr. Kimmel, and other union sympathizers, had been warned to refrain from selling goods to the miners—a plan of starvation having been agreed upon by the mine owners, Citizens' Alliance and the military officers.

The strict censorship of the press and telegraph continued.

Three months had rolled away since the train-wrecking episode, and the public indignation throughout the state and nation was so great that the three prisoners, Peck, Foss and Davidson, and a number of others who had been imprisoned were released, never having been served with warrants or tried on any charge.

That night a meeting of the Miners' Union was held,

ending at nine o'clock, on account of the military restrictions still in force.

The same night a meeting of the law and order element—as they styled themselves—was held, remaining in session until twelve o'clock. Immediately after adjournment they reassembled, all armed, and wearing the determined, set look on their faces of men driven to desperation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FREE AMERICANS IN COLORADO.

Upon the regathering of the law and order element, Hamilton, the banker, spoke briefly: "Fellow citizens, the step we are about to take is a very serious one, and can be justified only as a measure of self-preservation. The world may condemn our action, but those who condemn have never faced bankruptcy, have never seen the accumulations of years about to be swept away, leaving beggars and paupers those who a few months ago were comfortable, and some even rich in worldly goods.

"I have only one word further to say; a sympathizer stands now in the same light as a union man; they must all go. Let us remember that the concern of one is the concern of all, and each do his duty."

They scattered in every direction. Going to a house one would knock while three or four others would stand on each side of the door.

"Who is there? What is wanted?" from inside the house.

"I want to speak to you. I'm Pat O'Brien,"—the name of one of the union miners.

The door opens, the man appears, only to be seized by the waiting men, gagged, and hurried away amidst the screams of his wife and babies.

Thus the work went on, but in a few minutes the screaming women aroused the neighborhood, and all was confusion.

Knocking at doors was now dispensed with, the kick of a foot, or butt of a rifle smashing the fastenings. Men awakened from sound sleep, were jerked from their beds. Where the men had become alarmed and fled, their wives were pulled from their beds, abused and maltreated, bedding piled on the floor, the houses ransacked, money and valuables taken and the poor frightened creatures left to wail over the abduction of their husbands. One poor woman was compelled to carry a light from room to room while the law and order citizens hunted for her husband, vowing with curses to kill him when found.

"What is that, John?" asked Mrs. Kimmel, shaking her husband.

"Some one at the door. Hello! What's wanted?"

"I want to speak to you, Kimmel. It's Billy Turner," the name of another union miner.

Drawing on his trousers, John went to the door; as the door opened half a dozen men rushed in and seized him.

"What does this mean?" struggling with his captors.

"It means that all you d—d Socialists are going to be run out of town! We've had enough of the doings of your kind of cattle and we're going to give you a free ride on the train! Come on now!"

"You shan't take my husband!" screamed Mrs. Kimmel, rushing to his side and throwing her arms round his neck.

"He has done nothing against the law, and you dare not touch him!"

"We are the law, you d—d hussy! Get back to your room! Come on men! bring the G—d d—d agitator!"

"But you will give me time to put on my clothes and bid my wife good bye, won't you?" asked Kimmel.

"No! shake off that d—d howling woman! Tear her

loose boys, and kick her to her room where the d—d hussy belongs!"

Two men grabbed her, freed her grip, dragged her to the room, pushed her in with a parting curse and hurried after their companions as Dolly Walsh came screaming towards them.

"There comes that shrieking wild-cat that gave Cap' Wall such a tussle! Excuse me! I'll come back and see you later, sweetheart." With this parting insult the brave defenders hurried after the rest of the party, who were marching Kimmel away, coatless, hatless, and barefooted over the frozen streets! He was afterwards taken back and provided with clothing.

Forty-nine men were rounded up and brought together. Men only partly dressed, none with overcoats, shivered in the wintry night air, while their captors went through their pockets, and then marched them off to the railway. Here a train was waiting, they were unceremoniously bundled on board and the train pulled out of Lame Brook.

Stopping on top of a mountain the men were hustled out into snow a foot in depth. While the winter wind sighed and moaned through the pine trees, banker Hamilton gave them the following friendly advice: "Never show your faces in this country again, for if you do no one can tell what may happen to you. A considerable element have been for hanging you men, but the conservative element prevailed. We expect you to keep moving until you get out of the state! Now get!"

The law and order citizens climbed on the train, which backed away, leaving the men standing in the snow. On top of a mountain, no house within miles, with the wintry

wind whistling around their shivering bodies; dragged from their homes and families, forbidden to return on pain of death, the future looked black indeed for these American citizens.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLIE AND DOLLY MEET AGAIN.

As Mrs. Kimmel had been consoler, counselor, and guide for Dolly in her troubles, Dolly now rose to the occasion and flew to console her friend.

“O, Dolly! they will kill John! I know that I will never see him again!” wailed the poor woman, with head buried in her pillow. “He was always so good and never harmed a soul in his life? Because he was good; because he has a heart; because he would not see women and children starve, he must now be driven from home in the dead of night as if he were a criminal! O God! is Justice dead! can men do such things and go unpunished!”

“There, there, Mrs. Kimmel, don’t cry!” said Dolly, with her arms around her friend, the flood gates of her soul raining forth her sympathy. “They dare not kill anybody! John will not be hurt! Cheer up, it will all come out right!” kissing her tenderly.

“They dare do anything! They have kept on from bad to worse until now I believe they will do anything! O Dolly! to think of the men who were in this house tonight! Mr. Parrish, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Dudley! Men with families, members of the church! I could never have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes! O, dear; I’ll believe anything now!”

“It seems impossible; Mr. Parrish used to be such good friends with John, too. And he was so kind to me, always pleasant, smiling and cheerful, and he seemed so sorry when

he laid me off. He insisted on giving me ten dollars more than what was due me. O, dear! it seems awful what brutes men will become when passion masters them!"

They lay there, locked in each other's arms, weeping and consoling each other when they heard a faint tapping on the window.

Cowering, with bated breath, they listened. The tapping continued. "Mrs. Kimmel, Mrs. Kimmel," came a muffled voice, "It's Charlie, Charlie Peck! Let me in and give me some clothes, I'm freezing!"

"Oh! it's Charlie!" cried Dolly, springing from the bed and rushing to the window. "Come around to the door, Charlie," she whispered.

Hatless, coatless, barefooted and with blood crusted all over one side of his face, shivering, and nearly frozen, Charlie Peck stepped in the door.

"O! O! Charlie!" sobbed Dolly, throwing her arms around his neck. "You poor fellow! how you have been abused! Can you ever forgive me? Can——"

"For God's sake, spare me, Dolly! I've no time to talk! I'm nearly dead! Get me some clothes, I must fly for my life!"

"No! No! Charlie!" said Mrs. Kimmel. "We'll hide you, you must not go tonight! You're nearly frozen now! Come in the room and put on some of John's clothes," leading the way.

"Bring on the clothing, but I must not stay; There is no telling what they will do with me if they catch me! They're crazy!" As he talked he put on the clothing brought him, having to content himself with a pair of overshoes, Mr. Kimmel's shoes being too small to get on his frosted feet, which now were beginning to pain him severely.

"How did you escape, Charlie? What have they done with the others? Where is John?" Mrs. Kimmel asked as they helped him dress.

"I heard them coming, and slipping out of the window to the roof of the summer kitchen hid under the eaves overhanging the porch. The shadow from the electric light in front made it dark and they supposed I had slipped down the porch. I lay still, shivering with the cold, until they went to the depot and I heard the train pull out. Then I slid down the porch and dodged around through the alleys till I got here. They are going to take the others somewhere and dump them off. But I heard them cursing because they failed to get me, and my life is not safe here now."

He was now dressed, but shivered, as with ague, as he stood buttoning Mr. Kimmel's overcoat on himself.

"Tell me you forgive me, Charlie!" cried Dolly, as he started limping for the door.

"I do, Dolly! I have forgiven all, long ago! Life is too short, at best, to cherish ill will! I will be back here, if I live! Let me kiss you, and then I must be gone," straining her to his breast. His hand was on the knob when he turned back, and grasped Mrs. Kimmel's hand: "Cheer up, my more than friend! there will be brighter days soon! Right and Justice must triumph! Watch over her for me! Good bye."

"God bless you, Charlie!" and the two women stood at the door, with arms around each other, mingling their tears as they watched him disappear in the darkness.

He reached the outskirts as the returning train pulled into town. The gray of the coming dawn found him walking painfully along the railway, and in the middle of the afternoon, hungry and exhausted, he reached a little village

on the other side of the mountain, where kind hands cared for him. His feet were badly frosted, a deep cut was on his face, received in sliding from the porch, his nervous system was shattered with the outrages he had passed through, and it took him weeks to recover.

After Charlie's departure Mrs. Kimmel had to turn consoler, Dolly sobbing and moaning in fear that Charlie would freeze to death in attempting the walk over the mountain, and upbraiding herself for her cruel treatment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIFE UNDER MILITARY RULE.

The strike had now spread to nearly all the mining districts of the state. The same efforts of the good citizens, the law and order element—the mine owners and Citizens' Alliance—had produced nearly the same result in other localities. A brutal, degraded, degenerate, characterless mob, given the license of soldiers, under orders only from "God and Governor Peanuckle," insulted the miners' wives, entered their homes, ravished their daughters, stole their money and valuables, committed wanton destruction, and terrorized the defenceless people. The stories of unmentionable outrage committed in war between nations was here duplicated among neighbors and one-time friends.

Complaints to the military officers were laughed at, scornfully. Complaints to the Governor met the same treatment.

Every stranger who came to town was taken before the military powers to explain his business. If his replies were not satisfactory he was put on the train and ordered to leave. Newspaper correspondents for eastern papers had to pass their copy to the militia before sending, and in a number of instances they were driven out.

Miners were arrested on trumped-up charges, held in confinement, abused and finally, when tried, released.

Every few weeks another round-up of men would be made and the men shipped out to other towns and states. It was a time for settling old grudges and petty spites.

No one dreamed of appealing to the law for redress of grievances, or protection from power, force, greed and hatred. Justice was dead! stabbed in the back by her sworn protectors!

And still the strike remained unbroken.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MASTER AND SOME OF HIS SLAVES.

John Hope, after studying the situation, accepted the cook's advice. His spirit groaned within him, but the case was hopeless.

John was an experienced coal miner, and his practical mind saw at once that his life was in grave danger from the incompetence of the unskilled men with whom he had to work.

He had only been working a few weeks when the engineer, whose duty it is to hoist and lower the men, ran the cage to the top of the hoist, the cable broke, and the cage fell eleven hundred feet, snuffing out fifteen lives in a twinkling, but one man of the sixteen in the cage escaping.

The battered, crushed remains of the poor slaves were gathered up by their comrades and hoisted to the surface through the other shaft.

Most of them were crushed beyond identification, being nothing but a shocking mass of blood, bones and flesh, mingled with rags and shreds of clothing.

Boxes were brought to the mine, the bodies dumped in with scant ceremony and the remains hauled away to a pauper's grave.

The men refused to go to work the next morning, and Mr. Parrish came up to investigate, and pacify the men.

"Mr. Parrish," said John Hope, "how long are we to remain slaves? Do you fully realize what you are doing?"

Do you realize the full legal import of your actions—to say nothing of the moral side of the case?"

"I certainly do, sir. I know my business. You speak very harshly when you say 'slaves.' I'll admit the fact that conditions are not at all to my liking, but necessity sometimes justifies overstepping the strictest letter of the law. I know, and so do you, that you men would not stay here twenty-four hours if you could leave. It is absolutely necessary that you should stay. I compel you to stay and you use harsh language. That is unnecessary. I deplore the situation from a moral standpoint, even—and morals should never be mixed with business—and my conscience condemns me, but that will not relieve the situation. The mines must run."

"I have got beyond anger weeks ago, sir, or I would curse you. But I want to ask if you have a wife and children?" inquired John.

"I have as fine a wife as ever lived; I have also two children," with a tinge of sarcasm.

"I will appeal to you then, as a husband and father. Would you like to be prevented from communicating with your wife and children, for weeks and months, they looking for some word that you were alive, they possibly the objects of charity?"

"Well, no, to be frank, I wouldn't. What is your name?"
"John Hope."

"Now, then, I'll tell you what to do. If you want to write to your folks—that's what seems to be on your mind—write a nice letter saying that you are well, doing fine, and like the job; send it to me unsealed, and if it's all right I'll give you my word of honor that it shall be mailed. Furthermore, I'll enclose a draft for fifty dollars to your wife.

But the letter must go through my hands," said Mr. Parrish, generously.

"You miserable cur! I've got to accept your terms, but I'd like to meet you when you haven't a soldier at each elbow!" answered John indignantly, walking away.

Mr. Parrish walked around among the men jollying them, and offering them some of the liquor out of a big quart bottle in his pocket.

Most of the men promised to return to work if he would get a new engineer, which he readily promised.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"Why don't you eat, Will?" asked Mrs. Parrish, as her husband pushed back from the dinner table.

"I have no appetite, Ruth; I don't feel good, of late. If this cursed strike was over I'd go to the seashore or somewhere and rest up."

"Dear me, this awful strike! It's causing so much unhappiness! There are lots of people actually suffering for the necessities of life; nice people, too, women and children. I saw Mrs. Foss yesterday and the poor woman is actually destitute. She is but a shadow; she looks as though she cried the most of the time. She is getting bitter and cold towards her old friends, too; she treated me quite cool and was very bitter against Mrs. Hamilton."

"I wish, Ruth, that you would not call on those people any more, not even in a charitable way. They are the cause of all this trouble and loss, and we have got to make them feel that Lame Brook is no place——"

"Will Parrish! Do you mean to tell me that this fight has got to be carried to the extent of cutting our old friends, not even helping them when they are hungry? Do you mean to tell me that this hateful class-war has come to that stage that you, you! my husband! can countenance such a state of affairs?" in a hurt tone.

Mr. Parrish shifted uneasily in his chair. He had kept his wife in ignorance of the part that he was playing in the

drama, telling her that the ruffianly work was the work of the deputies and the militia.

"Well, not exactly that, my dear," he replied evasively: "But, you see, the strikers have made this a class-struggle all the time, and we mine owners have to fight with the same weapons. Further, it has been decided that there will be no peace until these blamed Socialists all leave, and the sooner they leave the better——"

"Will Parrish! Do you mean me to believe that you countenance the capturing of men, and running them from their homes and families like criminals? And the boycotting of women and starving children, making life so unpleasant they will leave and sacrifice what they have toiled, saved, and pinched for years to accumulate! You, who have always been so generous and tender hearted! O Will!" with pathetic voice.

"Ruth, I'm sorry to cause you any distress; but these strikers can be fought only with their own weapons. They have bankrupted three business men, and the rest are on the verge of bankruptcy. These business men have nice wives and children as well as the miners; they deserve some consideration. Mrs. Foss is a pretty good woman, it's true; but her husband is one of the ringleaders in this——"

"Will, I am ashamed of you! You know that Mrs. Foss came and nursed me when I could get no one else for love or money! When the doctor said nothing but good nursing would pull me through. She neglected her own work, made Foss get his own meals and him working hard every day. Ten days she stood by my side, day and night, and now you say she is a pretty good woman! Pretty good! There isn't a better woman lives! Now you expect me to cut her society, desert her in this hour when she needs a

friend, when her husband has been driven away, may be dead for all she knows, and she and Birdie hungry! O Will, I never thought that of you!"

"Well, dear, if it will ease your mind, I don't approve of such measures by any means. But what can be done? The edict has gone forth. General Bull says that so long as the families of these men are allowed to remain and be fed there is no hope of breaking the strike. We mine owners are all expected to see that this charity work shall stop. What can I do? I'm only one against the majority," explained Mr. Parrish resignedly.

"We-l-l," speaking slowly, "you can tell General Bull that your wife cares nothing for him, or his orders! That she will not stifle her good impulses, turn her back on suffering, cast off old friends, and become worse than a brute for all the orders of all the generals in the world! If settling the strike depends upon such measures, I'm not going to help settle it!"

"Will, dear," going to his side, "I can't tell you how much I have worried about you since this strike began. You are not the same man; you stay out late and come home to roll and talk in your sleep; you are almost cross with me and the children; you are haggard, worn, almost sick. O Will! is this all life holds for us! Is this what we are piling up wealth for? Is this the aim and end of life, this war of friend against friend, brother against brother——"

"There, now, Ruth, are you going to take up the lecture habit? When that accident occurred in the mine you almost made me feel as if I were responsible for that cage dropping with the men! Now you begin again! I can't help these things! I am not responsible for the strike! And here you

commence to lecture when you know that I hate a lecturing woman above all things——”

“Now, Will, I’m not lecturing; but I’m asking you to look where we are drifting——”

“Well, well!” testily, “let’s drop it then. Don’t you want to take a ride this evening?”

“Yes, the evening is so lovely.”

“Get ready then, and I’ll order the carriage,” leaving the room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLIE PECK RETURNS TO LAME BROOK.

The strike had now been on in full force for ten months. Both sides were getting weary of it. In spite of the strict censorship, much news had gone to the outside world, and that great Judge, Public Opinion, was giving vent to very caustic criticisms.

The losses to both sides had been enormous, while the middle class had become almost bankrupt. The Lame Brook National Bank had closed its doors and Captain Beny Wall, the cashier, was walking the streets in company with Mr. Hamilton, breathing curses deep and fervid.

Charles Moyer, the President of the Western Federation of Miners, was in the military bull-pen. Many miners had been deported, and many more had left, fearing deportation.

All over the city "For Rent," and "For Sale," were posted in vacant houses. This was the situation when the tired combatants began to talk peace. Two or three meetings had been held and Charlie Peck had been telegraphed for, he having never dared return to Lame Brook.

The evening of his arrival a conference was held with the mine owners, lasting until midnight. Both sides made some concessions, and they adjourned, feeling very jubilant that peace seemed so near after the long struggle. The proposals made would have to be submitted to the various unions, which would require several days.

Many were the scowling looks given Charlie Peck when he appeared upon the streets of Lame Brook the next day.

Business and professional men who had been ruined, or nearly so, as a result of the strike, turned their heads, or stared blankly, trying not to see him, but with curses in their minds. Acquaintances and friends of long standing, lodge brothers many of them, refused to recognize him.

But if there were some scowls and threatening looks, there were also many warm greetings and hearty hand-clasps for the fearless leader.

There was a session of the miners' unions held in the morning, which occupied all of Charlie's time until noon, when he went to lunch with Mr. Kimmel, who had returned to Lame Brook as soon as the excitement had cooled down.

Dolly had spent two hours in dressing, putting on first one dress and then another; arranging and rearranging her hair; running to Mrs. Kimmel for criticisms, and now as she saw Charlie her heart gave a great throb and two big tears of joy welled to her eyes, glistening like dew-drops in the morning sun.

“Dolly!”

“Charlie!” rushing to his outstretched arms, and holding her face up to his while the unleashed dew-drops coursed down her cheeks.

“I'm going to have a kiss, too, Charlie, whether Dolly and John like it or not!” exclaimed Mrs. Kimmel, who had discreetly tarried a moment.

Mr. Kimmel turned aside, pulled out his handkerchief, blew his nose softly, and, walking to the farther end of the veranda, began to scrutinize some flowers.

“Come on now, lunch is waiting,” said Mrs. Kimmel, leading the way to the dining room.

“Now, Charlie, do try to eat! you can look at Dolly all afternoon,” laughingly reproved Mrs. Kimmel.

"She is so lovely, I can't take my eyes from her long enough to feed myself. I've always thought her the handsomest woman I ever saw, but now she is so beautiful that I can't find words to do justice to her," he replied, blushing.

The conversation drifted into the strike, the prospects of a speedy settlement, and a resumption of peace.

The meal over, Mr. Kimmel put on his hat and started for the store, while Dolly led Charlie away to the sitting room.

Seating himself in a big easy chair, he took her in his great strong arms, and for the next half hour these two re-united souls surrendered themselves to that silent, indescribable bliss which is the very essence of real life. That bliss which authors have for ages vainly tried to describe in poor, weak words; that bliss which should come to every man and woman, and having once come, needs no description; that bliss which if it comes not into your life, dear reader, leaves a great void; that bliss which if not tasted leaves life a blank, dismal failure, a dreary, desert waste; that bliss beside which all wealth, honor, power and glory, of Prince and Potentate are but the merest trifle.

"Charlie, I feared that you never would love me again, after I treated you so cruelly, and then promised to marry Beny Wall——"

"I could forgive you anything, Dolly. I know better than you the conflicting emotions with which you had to battle. I have studied these things as a part of our industrial conditions. Our whole lives are governed by economics. Our loves and hates; our ambitions and desires; our religious opinions and beliefs, all are directly and indirectly governed by our economic conditions."

"But, Charlie, don't you think that love and hatred are

natural passions? Poverty or riches have nothing to do with natural passions," she protested.

"Love is natural; hatred is not. In nature all is love, but, in the unnatural state in which society has been for centuries, everything is perverted and unnatural. Love is denied and repressed; and selfishness, the forefather of hatred, has been ingrained and bred into us until it is now almost natural. Take those communal societies where economic safety is assured; where there are few class distinctions, or none; where the haunting spectre of Poverty never thrusts its chilling presence constantly in our sight; where the hearts of man and woman may seek their mate in a natural, congenial way, Love reigns supreme.

"Man is a slave of this unnatural system which rules us with a rod of iron. If man is a slave, woman is doubly a slave. Sex prevents her entering fully into all the avenues of life, and industrial conditions drive her into the battle with ever-increasing persistence. She competes with man for the job which means life to both of them, thus rendering man less able to assume the maintainence of a family.

"Sex, and the instinct of motherhood, impel her to marriage; while fear of the future restrains the opposite sex from entering a state which may bring nothing but a train of evils, the thought of which makes him shudder.

"Society erects false ideals and barriers, by honoring wealth and its possessors, which more and more prevent the natural bent of the affections.

"In the early days in America it was considered almost a disgrace for a woman to be unmarried at twenty-five—and man, too—today it is so common as to be unnoticed. Further, in those days divorce was almost unknown; today it is a crying evil, eliciting the best efforts of society to cure.

"In those days millionaires were unknown—as were paupers. We had no very rich, or very poor. We had few prisoners, and no tramps. We had few or none of the great evils which threaten society today. Mankind lived more naturally.

"Now, as these evils have all grown up together, side by side, each keeping pace with the other, it would seem as though they were interdependent, that one was a natural sequence or product of the other. And they are."

"I don't see the connection, though, dear, with our case," nestling up to him.

"Don't you? Listen: In the first place you would never have had occasion to doubt me if we had a sane system. Second, you lost your position; Beny is a nice agreeable fellow, with a fine position and a good start; you naturally crave consolation, he offers it and a home with it. You never loved him, but nine-tenths of Lame Brook would applaud your choice had you married him. You turn the matter over in your mind, you like him, maybe liking will grow into love; you hesitate. On one side all looks black and cheerless, on the other all looks bright. What more natural than that you should choose that which looked brightest? Then, too, I was a brute that I——"

"No, sir!" putting her dimpled hand over his mouth, "you were just the best big-hearted man that ever loved a little fool! It was I that was the brute, if any——"

"Stop, Dolly! you have already taken too much blame on yourself," kissing her tenderly.

Here ensued another of those unspeakable moments of bliss, and then a long interval of quiet in which she lay in his arms like a child, looking intently at his face, one hand playing idly with a wave of his brown hair.

"Do you know, dear," she said, "as I look at you I am struck more than ever with your resemblance to Mr. Parrish? You remember I used to tell you there was an indescribable something about you that made one think of him. The same eyes, the same poise of the head, at times the same expression. You look enough like him now to be his brother."

"Yes, Mrs. Kimmel spoke of the same thing once, after seeing us standing side by side. But it is only one of those resemblances we often see. I should hate to own him for a brother, from what I now know of him. Although in some respects he is not to blame."

"O, Charlie, not to blame, when he acted as he did in this house—although I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it."

"Yes, I know. But he was only one of a crazy mob, each of which egged on the other. Mobs are always crazy. I blame him for that, of course, but in his opposition to the strike I can't say that he does any different from what I would do if I were in his position. He is fighting for his own private interests. His whole view point of society is made up of how it affects his pocketbook. His ideas of right and wrong, for labor, are warped by his own interests; this is strengthened by the system under which we live, of which we are a part. I used to rather admire him as a man, and often wished to be better acquainted, but our positions in life always prevented our meeting, except as master and man."

"Yes, when I worked in the office he was as nice as he could be, and paid me ten dollars more than was due when he laid me off. They say, too, that he has the nicest family, and fairly worships them. His wife was in the office several times, and I don't know of a sweeter, kinder face than hers."

"There it is, an illustration of the system. He has a nice

family, he loves them, he must secure them from want; so he fights labor to secure independence for himself and them. The rest of the capitalists must do the same.

"Now, Pet, let us talk of something else. When shall we start housekeeping? Set the day as early as possible—a week, if that isn't too soon."

"O Charlie! a week! Why it will be a month, at least!"

They launched off into castle building, happy as two mortals ever were, and there let us leave them for the present.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE HOLDS A MEETING.

That the strike was in a fair way of settlement was now the talk of the town. Little knots of men gathered on the streets and discussed the matter in earnest tones.

The night after the conference between the miners and mine owners a secret meeting of the Citizens' Alliance was held. The word had been passed quietly and none but business men were in attendance.

"Gentlemen, and fellow citizens," said Mr. Hamilton, "if we permit this strike to be settled and the Miners' Union reinstated, we business men will be ruined. The savings of our lives, aye, the savings and hoardings of our parents, will be swept away, and we go out into the world beggars! We, who a year ago fondly imagined that we had a competence assured, now have to face want, and maybe the poor-house!"

"You all know that the failure of the bank, and Duffy, Green, Maltby and several smaller merchants was due to the starting of that d---d co-operative store. I have inside information that their profits in the last month was fifteen thousand dollars—money that should have gone to the legitimate business interests. This, too, in a time when there has not been what could be called a pay-roll for months.

"If the Miners' Union stays, their store stays. I can picture to myself what the result will be. Where they now supply themselves only with the necessities in groceries and clothing, they will supply themselves with fuel, furniture,

meats, drugs, machinery, books, in fact they will gradually monopolize every business in the town. The money that formerly was deposited in the banks, and on which we bankers could, and did, pay a good rate of interest, will now be invested in stock of this co-operative concern.

"In short, gentlemen, I can look into the future and see our doom, if this Miners' Union is permitted to resume its old standing here. I hold a good deal of mining stock myself and of course am as anxious to see the mines producing as anybody, but not with union labor. Parrish, Dudley and some of these fellows who are interested only in the mines, have no mercantile interests, are not caring a rap for us fellows. They are looking out for nobody but themselves. Why, I actually believe they would patronize this cursed store, after things began to run smoothly again! Now, my friends, what are we to do? I would like to hear from some of the rest."

"I can add nothing to what Mr. Hamilton has said," remarked Mr. Green, a tall, benevolent-looking man. "I have studied the situation for months—I have had plenty of leisure to study—and the only salvation I can see is for us to drive them out, exterminate them completely. Not only the Miners' Union, but every labor union in this mining district! They are all linked together! The miners are no worse than the rest; it is only because they are stronger in numbers!"

"Why, gentlemen, my clerks, men whom I have had in my employ for years, men with whom I have knelt in prayer-meeting, were constantly making demands of some kind upon me; assuming airs as if they were partners in the business.

"Really, I had to concede so much that for a year be-

fore the strike I made but little profit, in spite of the fact that I kept up an appearance of prosperity.

"Now I am absolutely ruined! I have nothing more to lose! Even my home, where my children were born, where I have spent so many happy days, is mortgaged, and I can see no way to redeem it!" in a trembling voice.

"The ending of the strike means nothing to me, now, only that business may be resumed and I given an opportunity to secure a situation at some clerical work. I can do nothing else; I know no other work, and am too old for heavy physical labor. Hence, I say, settle it right, once and for all time! Run every union man out! Annihilate unionism, root and branch! Give every man an opportunity to work for whom he will, upon such terms as he may choose! Let the principle of free contract between employer and employe prevail! Let the "Declaration of Independence" be proclaimed anew!—proclaimed and enforced! It can only be enforced by driving out every union man! If the law will not do this, then the people must be a law unto themselves!" sitting down amid cries of "Good! That's the talk! Run them all out!"

"This talk sounds well, gentlemen," said Mr. Johnson, rising in the rear of the room, "but it seems to me that running them out has been tried about to the limit. My business as a lawyer tells me that things have been done, publicly, by men in this room—myself included—which will keep the criminal courts busy for months after peace returns. To no avail, the strike is not broken, and unionism is as strong as ever. Shall we go on, go farther, take more severe measures?" Mutterings of disapproval and cries of "Sit down! Put him out!" arose.

"No, friends," he resumed, "I will not sit down, nor

will you put me out! I am too deep in the mire with the rest of you to be suppressed! I wish to God we were all out of this! I have a wife and babies, men, as well as many of you! I owe them a duty as well as myself! Unionism can be driven out of the Lame Brook mining district only by more violence, more lawlessness! Further, the unions will grow again, and the lawlessness must be repeated in the course of time.

“Do you want to do that? Do you want to face the penitentiary when the strike is over, in place of mere financial loss? I do not! I protest against fit ther anarchy! I can begin again, and so can you. Thousands of others have had to begin life’s battle over, not once, but two or three times, and then succeeded. We are excited, men! Let us be cool. Excitement grows by excitement, by numbers, until it develops into mobs and riots.

“Passionate, fiery speeches beget still more fiery appeals, until the mind, inflamed with passion, suggests actions which without the presence of numbers and excitement would never be entertained.

“Let us calmly discuss our future, but for heaven’s sake! for the sake of our wives and children, let us not devise any further schemes of lawlessness! Let us think—”

“By G—d! we are in the mire, and ‘might as well be hung for stealing a sheep as for stealing a lamb,’ ” interrupted Mr. Black, a failed restaurant proprietor. “This talk might have been all right when this strike began, but not now! ‘We are between the devil and the deep blue sea!’ We can’t turn back now! We must stand by each other and push ahead! I am like Mr. Green, I believe the only way for us to save our property and insure permanent peace is to wipe out every cursed union man! Spare none!

They are all of a stripe! The more they get, the more they will demand! I, for one, am in favor of rounding up every union devil and shipping him clear out of the state!" sitting down amidst enthusiastic hand-clapping.

"I see that I am not in harmony with the meeting, gentlemen, so I will retire," remarked Mr. Johnson, putting on his hat.

"I'm glad he's gone!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, as the lawyer left the room. "I've been afraid he would weaken, just as Nasby did; we're better off without him. This thing, gentlemen, is no child's play, it's a question of financial ruin to us. Now let some one propose some line of action, peaceable, if anyone can suggest a peaceable plan that is feasible—I can see none, myself—but in any event a plan that will save us."

Other men arose to make violent, fiery denunciations, the general tone of which tended to provoke and arouse all the slumbering passions of men smarting under financial loss and facing absolute bankruptcy.

When the meeting broke up at a late hour, the men gathered in small groups, talking in suppressed, earnest tones until the dawn began to redden the eastern sky.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ESCAPE OF A SLAVE.

"For God's sake, men, don't hurt me! I'm wounded and will die if I don't get help! I was working in the Golden Goose, a prisoner! a slave! I got a chance last night and tried to escape. The guard shot me, but I kept on! Oh, men!—if men you are—help me! save me! I've a wife and babies!" wailed a poor, dirty, ragged, emaciated man staggering up to Charlie Peck and two other men walking on the outskirts of Lame Brook.

"Why, you poor mortal, what makes you think we would hurt you?" inquired Charlie.

"Because I've been scabbing, and I thought maybe you belonged to the union. The boss kept us prisoners, because he said that the union men would kill us if we were not guarded!" answered the poor wretch, feebly.

"Well, we are union men, all right, but we won't harm you," replied Charlie. "What is your name, and how badly are you hurt?"

"My name is John Hope. My wife and babies are in Detroit, Michigan. I've been in that accursed slave camp five months. I could stand it no longer, so last night when we were changing shifts I skipped. The guard saw me and put a bullet through my side. I kept on and got into that old tunnel up there," pointing up the hill. "I've had nothing to eat or drink! I knew I couldn't get out of town with this wound—as I intended doing—and made up my mind to come out and throw myself on the mercy of the

people. I've got to have help, men, and that soon, or I'll die like a dog! My side pains me so that I can scarcely move or speak!" and the poor wretch sank to a seat on a stone beside the road.

He was a sorrowful apology for a man. His hair and beard were untrimmed; his rough clothing was in tatters; the dirt and grime of the mine were on his face, which was drawn, pinched and distorted with suffering.

"Rest easy, old man, you're better than a dozen dead men! We'll take care of you, never fear," assured Charlie. "Jim will you get a hack, and we'll take him to town. Great God, Tom! Don't this shame you to think that you belong to the human race! Chattel slavery never held anything worse than this! Tom, I honestly feel heart-sick when I see so much pitiful suffering, misery and brutality, and think how absolutely needless it is! Bah! I'm disgusted!"

"By heavens, Charlie, I think this is the limit! Now would you have thought that of Parrish?" asked Tom McGowen, the third man of the party.

"No, I wouldn't, a year ago. Now I'm prepared to believe anything of these fellows. Look at Hamilton, Dudley, Green, Larkin, and the rest of the gang that everyone thought such nice respectable business men," answered Charlie, bitterly.

"Gentlemen, you can't imagine the horrors of that camp up there! Miserable, beastly food! Every man alive with vermin! Look here!" painfully opening his shirt, exposing great sores on his breast, neck and armpits. "It is impossible for a man to keep clean! We tried it, but it's no use! That is not all the horrors! The way they slaughter men is nothing less than murder! Sixteen poor evils were dropped to the bottom of the shaft, eleven hun-

dred feet, by a green engineer! But one out of the sixteen left alive! My God! My God! I'll never get that night out of my mind! One poor devil took sick and died two weeks ago, and I believe there wasn't a thing ailed him but homesickness. It would have broken your heart to see him lie there and hear him call for his wife! God, I've got up many a night, went out and talked to the guard because I couldn't bear to hear him! I've got a—a—wife and—and—babies—myself!" he sobbed, with the scalding tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Never mind, old man, we'll see that you get back to them as soon as you are able to travel," said Tom, blowing his nose violently.

"Here's the hack coming, and we'll soon have you comfortable."

They lifted him tenderly into the hack, drove slowly to Charlie's boarding house, and called a doctor, who was friendly to the union. Charlie brought out some of his underwear. They gave him a bath and had him tucked up in bed when the doctor arrived.

"H-m, that was an awful close call, my friend," said the doctor. "A little higher up and you wouldn't be here now! You've lost lots of blood! Fever is coming up pretty high, too. You'll be all right in a few days, though, if you don't worry," and the doctor left the room, followed by Charlie Peck.

"How is he, Doc'?" asked Charlie.

"It's an even break, Charlie, he may pull through, and he may not. I can tell better in twenty-four hours. Don't let him have too much to eat; he's starved and may overload himself if you allow him all he wants," lighting a cigar and going out.

The next day John was feeling very bright and cheerful, although a bright fever spot glowed on each cheek and his eyes had an unnatural brilliancy.

"How are you this morning, Mr. Hope?" inquired Charlie, as he entered the room with a tray containing a generous breakfast.

"Oh, I'm fine! Much better than I expected."

"I'm glad to hear it. Maybe you can do justice to this breakfast. Let me help you," as John tried to sit up, but fell back with one hand to his side.

Placing one hand at his back, Charlie raised the patient to a sitting posture, propping him up with pillows; next placing the tray on the bed, he sat down while John ate his breakfast.

"You haven't such a thing as a pipe, have you? I'd like to smoke a few puffs while I'm sitting up."

"No, but I've got some cigars lying around somewhere, replied Charlie, feeling in his pockets. Ah, here's one, try that," striking a match on the sole of his shoe.

"How did you come to be out here scabbing, Mr. Hope, don't you know it is wrong? That is, wrong in a broad, general sense."

"No, I can't see in what way you can possibly twist it into a wrong. Every man should have the privilege of working, and on such terms as he chooses. If a man don't want to work at such wages as is offered he has the privilege to quit, but he has no right to say I may not take the job that don't suit him. Now I know you union men think different, but I fail to see where that hateful word 'scab,' is wrong in principle," replied John, puffing away at his cigar.

"I know the scab's ideas, and where a man has a wife

and babies suffering for food and clothes he is sometimes excusable. But the principle is wrong. He had better steal! This sounds harsh, but it isn't, and I think you will admit the truth of my words."

"I'm open to conviction, so fire away, but I think you've set yourself a pretty difficult job."

"You believe that 'In union there is strength,' don't you?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, certainly, but not in union to prevent some other fellow earning his living."

"We will discuss that phase later. You admit the justice of organization, so let us go farther. Do you realize that labor produces everything that man uses? Do you also believe that the laborer is entitled to the full product of his labor?"

"Certainly, no one disputes that."

"Theoretically they don't; practically they do. Now you have admitted the fundamental truth, so let's proceed. How is the laborer to receive his full product? By waiting for his employer to give it to him? That is too absurd to think of! No, he must organize with other laborers who are being robbed, form a union with those whose interests are the same, and demand his rights, fight for them, if necessary. Don't that look reasonable?"

"Yes," replied John, "but they can't all stick together."

"That don't affect the principle in the least. Now don't you know the good wages which labor enjoys—the scab as well as the union man—is all due to the fight labor has made for centuries, in trying to get justice? If that is true, isn't it also true that the man who would hinder men when fighting for their rights is an enemy of society?"

"Putting it in that light, yes. But I don't see where

that affects my right to work at a job you don't want, and quit."

"I'll show you," said Charlie. "We miners went on strike, not because we didn't like the job, but to get more justice, more of our God-given rights. If the mine owners had not been sure that thousands of men were willing to take our places, and put up with injustice, there would have been no strike. This much being settled, let us look further. You believe in the principle of unionism, but are unwilling to join the fight. Now don't such a position look cowardly to you? The scab is a man who is robbed and knows it, yet is willing to continue being skinned rather than put up a fight for justice. He is the man who, if slapped on the cheek, turns the other. He is the conservative who in Feudal times begged the Radical not to rebel; but who, when the Radicals had conquered the Feudal Lords, rejoiced the loudest, saying: 'See what we have done?'"

"Yes, but that was different," replied John, while a red flush colored his cheeks.

"Not in principle. The Tory was a scab when he refused to help dump the tea in Boston harbor. But when the tea party was over, when the Radicals succeeded, in spite of the Conservatives hanging to their coat tails begging them not to trample on the 'Divine right of Kings,' when a new mile-stone in the progress of civilization had been planted, the scab was very much elated over what we had done—*we*, mind you—for he was a Radical now, after the victory was won."

"I'm sure, sir, that all sounds very nice, but what would you have the scab do, stand back and starve?" asked John.

"Not at all. He is in a hard place and must do the best he can. But he should never try to pull down the union

man who is fighting to better himself, and, incidentally, the scab. Society is all wrong, John, and the way things are arranged there isn't jobs enough to go around, especially when we work long days to make more profits for the bosses. The labor union is the radical element in society that makes the present conditions of labor at all sufferable. Remove the labor union and in a few years we would sink to the level of China and Japan. How would that suit you?"

"The prospect isn't pleasant I must admit. I'll confess the scab's position looks very bad, and I am under great obligations to you, my friend, both for your kind treatment, and for setting me right as to the position the scab occupies. When I get around, if this strike is over, I will join the union and repay you as far as possible for your kindness. By the way, I don't know your name."

"Peck, Charlie Peck."

"Peck! Peck! I have a brother somewhere by that name, although I haven't seen him since we were little boys."

"But I thought you said your name was Hope."

"So it is; but that is only my adopted name. My right name—my father's name—is Brown. I have been an orphan since I was six years old. I was adopted by a family named Harper, who moved away. The man died, and his wife married a man by the name of Hope. One brother was adopted by a family named Peck."

"My God, John! I believe we are brothers; my right name is Charlie Brown—my father's name. Where did you live when your father and mother died?"

"On a little farm near Jonesboro, in Union County, Illinois—"

"O, John, we are brothers! We are! We are!" joyfully grasping his hand.

"I feel it—I—I—O Charlie!—to—think—how—we've been—separated," sobbed the poor fellow.

"There, there—John—h-m," clearing his throat and applying his handkerchief to his nose, "don't excite yourself. Do you know anything about the other boys? You see I have been West since I was eighteen."

"No, not a thing. I went down to Jonesboro once after I was grown, but I couldn't find out anything. Uncle had died in poor circumstances, Aunt Charlotte had taken Brother Jimmie and gone to Missouri, where, I couldn't find out.

"The baby—Willie—was adopted by a family named—let me see—Purdy, I believe it was—yes, Purdy, that's right. Purdy was a lawyer, and moved to Iowa, and then to Kansas or Nebraska, I couldn't learn positively. There was a rumor that Willie was dead, got shot after he was grown up, in California they said, but it was only a rumor. They told me that you had ran away from Grandpa Peck when you were fourteen, and nothing had ever been heard of you."

"Well, John, let us be thankful that you and I have found each other. Truth is stranger than fiction, and we may get track of Jimmie some day, or even of Willie—he may be alive. So you are married and got two babies. Well, you beat me."

"Yes, Charlie, I've got the best wife—and—two—as—fine—babies—Great God!" as the ready tears sprang to his eyes, "I'm a baby myself, Charlie, but I just can't help it!"

"I know, I know! You'd be less than a brute if you didn't show some feeling under the circumstances. Let's change the subject a trifle. How would you like to be best man for me? I'm to be married soon."

"The dickens! Well! well! Nothing would suit me better if I ever get out of here."

They rambled off into talk of Charlie's coming wedding, the strike, and other matters not pertinent to the story, and there let us leave them for things of more interest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DEPOT AT INDEPENDENT IS BLOWN UP.

The hour is two o'clock a. m. The little mining town of Independent, a suburb of Lame Brook, is wrapped in slumber. No sound breaks the still night, air, except the occasional clanging of the signal gongs in the big mine on the hillside, and the hoarse puffing of the mine engines in response to the signals.

Men, with rifles in their hands, can be seen in the glare of the electric light pacing back and forth, guarding the mine from the approach of strikers.

Look! Who are those two men sneaking hurriedly toward the little depot? Their very actions are suspicious, as they crouch down holding bundles in their arms! It seems queer that the guard does not see them, as he turns facing the depot. But he does not see them—at least he gives no challenge. Perhaps he is wondering when this cruel war will be ended, and he return to the alluring slums from which he sprang. Now the men have reached the depot, they place their bundles carefully on the ground, peer in every direction, stoop down and crawl under the raised platform! Cautiously they take little yellow rolls from their bundles and place them carefully in a conical heap! Now they whisper in low tones! One draws a revolver from his pocket; cocks it, then holds the hammer while he fastens a wire to the trigger! Next they point it toward the heap of yellow rolls; then they, with light touch, pile stones around it so as to hold it in position! Now one of them crawls out, unwinding

the coil of fine wire in his hand, the other man holding the wire where it emerges from the platform! The first man sneaks to a house four or five hundred yards away, enters, and gives a couple of gentle pulls; the man at the platform answers the signals, then arises and joins his companion.

“My God, Bill! I wish it was over! I’m all of a tremble! Give me a pull at that bottle!” wiping his brow.

Now comes the whistle of an approaching train. Men, just out of the mine, swinging their empty dinner pails, chatting and laughing merrily, hurry down the hill to the depot.

Twenty-five or thirty have collected on the platform, crowding good naturedly for a chance to be first to board the coming train.

“Now! Bill!”

The speaker picks up the wire and gives it a slight jerk.

A lurid sheet of yellow flame shoots a hundred feet in the sky, lighting up the surroundings with a noonday glare!! A roar follows that shakes the whole town!! the sound echoing and re-echoing among the hills miles away!! Groans, moans, prayers, and curses rent the air!! The mangled, torn fragments of human beings fall to the earth with a sickening thud!! Where the little depot stood, with its chattering crowd of men, is now but a twisted, tangled wreck of timbers, and a great hole in the earth!! Here lies a hand, still grasping a dinner pail!! There a dismembered body!! Here an unrecognizable mass of flesh, blood and clothing!! Fifty feet away lies a man with both arms gone, one leg missing from the knee, bare of clothing, the upturned face covered with the grime of the mine!! Here lays a head with the muscles of the face still twitching!!

Husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, sweethearts hurled
Before the bar of Judgment in the flash of an eye!!

Wives may listen for the familiar footstep!! Mothers
wait the coming of their sons—their support in old age!!
Sisters look for the absent brother!! Sweethearts linger
in vain at the gate!! All will wait, look, listen and linger
in vain!! The loved ones will come no more!! Capitalism
must have victims to glut its greedy maw!! Nor tears,
moans, groans, broken hearts, outraged affections, nor human
ties of any and all degree will not stay its insatiate ghoulish
cry for "profits!! profits!!"

The utmost confusion followed this fiendish deed. The
explosion awoke the inhabitants in all the adjoining towns.
The striking miners were at once charged with the crime,
and threats of vengeance were deep and bitter.

As soon as Sheriff Roberts arrived he placed a strong
guard around the scene, permitting no one but the coroner
to approach.

Coroner Durand arrived and summoning the assistance
of the sheriff and deputies they gathered up the mangled
fragments of eleven bodies, and eight men seriously wounded,
two of whom afterwards died.

By noon excitement was at fever heat. The mines
running with non-union men all closed down, the men flock-
ing to town, all armed; those who had no arms being sup-
plied by Captain Wall.

Bloodhounds had been sent for, which, upon being given
the scent from the wire found attached to the revolver, ran
directly to the house where the two men had retired after
fixing the infernal machine. They bounded into the house,
going direct to the bed.

This house was occupied by a man named Martin, em-

ployed as a spotter by the mine owners. Coming out of the house the dogs ran to a nearby powder magazine, circling it several times, but refusing to go farther. The owner took the dogs away and tracing the criminals by bloodhounds was abandoned.

By noon the citizens were on the verge of riot. At two o'clock a dozen members of the Citizens' Alliance met Sheriff Roberts and escorted him to military headquarters.

"Roberts, here is a resignation we want you to sign!" said Mr. Hamilton, presenting a piece of paper.

"Gentlemen, I refuse! This is an unwarranted proceeding——"

"Roberts, d—n you! we won't mince words! Resign or swing," producing a noosed rope.

"You surely don't mean it, men! You must think——"

"Put it on his neck, boys; d—n his heart! We'll run things our way now!"

The noose was placed over the head of the now thoroughly frightened officer, and a revolver clapped to his temple.

"We'll give you just one minute, Roberts!"

"All right, I resign! Give me the pen!"

Coroner Durand was next visited and brought before the committee headed by Hamilton. Durand was an old, gray-haired man, who thought he had not an enemy in the county.

"Durand, we want your resignation!" said Hamilton, who acted as spokesman.

"What is the meaning of this outrage, gentlemen! I have always done my duty."

"We have no time for parleying, Durand! Resign or take the consequences!" throwing the noosed rope at his feet.

"You wouldn't surely——"

"That's what we'll do, and do it quick! We'll hang you!"

you old sniveling, union-sympathizing hypocrite!" shoving a cocked revolver in his face.

"As you men have the numbers and power to force anything you want, I bow to your will!"

In like manner the City Attorney, Chief of Police, members of the City Council, and every officer known to be in sympathy with the unions, or even neutral, were compelled to resign.

In the middle of the afternoon Mr. Hamilton mounted a box and addressed the crowd, which quickly gathered, as follows:

"Fellow Citizens! Lovers of Law and Order! I call upon you to rally as good citizens to defend your property! For months we have been terrorized by the presence of an element who mean to rule or ruin! They have attempted train wrecking; blown up mines; also other property, and now as a fitting culmination to their dark deeds have committed the most damnable outrage that human mind can conceive! Those innocent men whose mangled bodies lie in the undertaker's room, a sight that would sicken the stoutest heart; and the poor crippled souls groaning in the hospital, all cry out to you to do your duty as loyal citizens! As defenders of the sacred principle of liberty let us unite and run these men out, out of the county, out of the state! For the blowing up of those brave boys fifty union men should be shot down like dogs, and as many more be swung up on telegraph poles! Every union man is a criminal! and it's up to you, men, to drive them out like wolves!"

"Who do you mean by 'them?'" interrupted a voice in the crowd.

"You! You d——d Socialist! You and every d——n union——— in the country!?"

"Kill him!! Lynch him!! Swing the d—d Socialist on a telegraph pole!!" screamed the frenzied mob.

In a flash all was confusion. A rifle shot rang out! rifles cracked on all sides! Hell, in all its fury, broke loose! Women screamed and fled! One man fell dead, shot through the heart, another fell, mortally wounded; half a dozen others received serious wounds!

Wolves, masked in the guise of law and order, thirsty and hungry for human gore, howled, shrieked and cursed!

Several union men in the crowd fled to the Miners' Union Hall, nearby.

The militia climbed to the roof of the bank building, opposite the hall, and for an hour kept up a rain of bullets through the windows.

Finally a white flag was seen at a window, the firing ceased, the militia entered and marched the sixteen union men off to the bull-pen, followed by a howling mob.

They were now ready for anything, all the unrestrained passions of savages being at fever heat.

"Wreck the d—n union store!" yelled a voice.

Quickly the store was entered, the goods torn from the shelves and pitched into the streets; people carrying away all they could and returning for more!

"Where is the money you d—d b—h!" roared Hamilton, grasping the woman clerk as he rushed in at the head of the mob.

"I don't know!"

"You lie, d—n you! You've got it hid in your clothes! I'll have it, though, if I have to strip every rag off you!!"

"Oh, sir; don't touch me! I haven't got the money, nor do I know where it is!" she pleaded.

"Shut your mouth! I'll find it, if you've got it!"

Tearing her dress open he loosed her corsets, running his hands all over her body in his search for money, she kicking and struggling.

"Here, hold this she-devil while I search her!!" he yelled.

Two burly scabs seized the struggling woman and held her while the loyal, law abiding banker stripped her clothing off in his fruitless search.

"Now, get to h—ll out of here!! you d—d b—h!!" kicking her sprawling into the street.

The newly appointed Sheriff, a mine owner, immediately upon his appointment began deputizing men to assist him, as did the newly appointed Chief of Police. Soon a band of three hundred lawless men, deputized as peace officers, were scouring the city and county for union men and sympathizers.

By dark two hundred men languished in the bull pen and jail. The bull pen was a large vacant store building with no toilet accommodations whatever. No beds, not even straw.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHARLIE PECK RETIRES FROM SIGHT.

The explosion awoke Charlie Peck, who at once dressed and went out to learn the cause. When he saw the fiendish work, and heard the mutterings of rage against the union men he returned to his room.

"What is the matter, Charlie?" asked John.

"My God, John! some one blew up the depot at Independent! No one knows yet how many have been killed! The sight is awful! It makes me sick—it is blamed on the Miners' Union—as might be expected! God, John! this war is simply terrible!"

"Why do they blame it on the union?"

"So as to blacken us and make us appear as monsters. I think it was done with the intention of having us blamed for it. We know, and the public knows, of several beastly things that have been done to blacken us before the world. I told you about the train-wrecking—you remember? This, I think, was planned by the same minds."

"Why, you had the strike about settled, didn't you?"

"Yes, I think a few more days would have seen us all at work. I can't see what object the mine owners themselves would have—in fact, I don't believe they did it; it looks to me more likely to be some of the Citizens' Alliance. They would have a motive, for these little business men see their finish. Well, do you feel ready for breakfast? I'm hungry myself."

"Yes, Charlie, I have been wishing you would come

back, so as to get me something to eat. I believe I could go to the dining-room with you this morning."

"No, no! I'll bring your breakfast"—leaving the room.

"What are you studying about, Charlie?" asked John, sipping his coffee.

"I was thinking of what I may have to do. I'm a marked man among these fellows, and it is possible that I may have to skip out of here to save my neck. Hell is apt to break loose here again at any time."

"You don't think they would harm you, do you?" anxiously.

"Knowing your own experience, I don't see how you can doubt it."

"Hadn't you better stay out of their sight then. Keep off the streets."

"Yes, but that wouldn't save me. They'll come here if any trouble starts. I'll have to stir around amongst them and see how things are."

They sat talking for an hour longer, when Charlie put on his hat and went out.

At noon he returned. "I've got to go, John," were his first words. "Before night there will be blood flowing; my life will not be worth a snap of your finger if they get hold of me when the storm breaks! You will be safe and well taken care of, however. Mrs. Donahue is a good woman, and she'll look out for you. Thank the Lord you're able to dress yourself and sit up!" He worked as he talked, gathering a few things which he stuffed into his pockets. "Don't worry about me, old boy. With an hour's start I can defy the whole city to find me. Good bye, I'll be with you again, possibly within a few days. Keep a stiff upper lip"—he gripped his brother's hand and was gone.

He went direct to Kimmel's house, finding them at lunch. "Just in time, Charlie," said Mrs. Kimmel. "Sit up to the table, while I get you a plate."

"I can't now, Mrs. Kimmel. I only came to tell you folks not to worry for me. I've got to get out of sight until this trouble blows over—"

"O Charlie! Do you think there will be trouble?" asked Dolly. "Are we to have another reign of terror!"

"I feel sure of it. It will be worse than ever, I'm afraid. If there is not innocent blood shed here before sun-down I shall be surprised. The whole town has gone wild, raving crazy!"

"Where can you go! Let us hide you here—"

"No, no! they would look for me here, and cause you trouble, needless annoyance, possibly abuse. No, I'll go into one of the old tunnels. Dolly, I wish you would go to Mrs. Donahue's and see that my brother has everything needed—I told you about him. Good-bye, don't worry about me—"

"O Charlie!" exclaimed Dolly, throwing her arms about his neck. "I can't bear to have you go!"

"I must, Pet, to save my life! Kiss me now, and I'll be off—"

"But you have had nothing to eat, you'll starve!" interrupted Mrs. Kimmel. "Wait, I'll fix you a lunch"—arranging a liberal package of bread, butter, and meat.

"Tell me where to go, Charlie, and I'll bring you something tonight," said Dolly, raising her tear-stained face from his breast.

"I'm going to the old Madigan tunnel; there's good water, and they couldn't get me in a year if they knew where I was. Don't try to get anything to me, unless you take it

to Mrs. Murphy, the wash-woman, whose husband was killed in the Rarus accident—you know her, Mrs. Kimmel. I shall arrange to slip out to her house for something to eat, and find out how things go. She may have but little to eat herself. If you could slip up there quietly during the day it would excite no suspicion, and might help some. But you had better stay in the house, these devils will be everywhere for a few days and will hesitate at no outrage. Good-bye, I must be off." Kissing Dolly again, he hurried away.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE STATE'S BRAVE DEFENDERS.

After looting the co-operative store, destroying what could not be carried away, smashing the fixtures, and making the wreck as complete as possible, the mob turned its attention to arresting union men.

"Get that d—d leader, Peck, boys, and we'll stretch his neck on a telegraph pole in front of their hall!" ordered Captain Wall, who saw here an opportunity to wreak his spite against his rival.

A dozen men followed the brave Captain to Mrs. Donahue's boarding house. Entering Charlie's room they found John sitting in an easy chair.

"Who are you? Where is Peck?" demanded the Captain.

"I am his brother. I am sick. I was shot by one of the guards while escaping from the Golden Goose mine a week ago."

"Peck's brother, eh! Got plugged running away from a good job! It's a d—d pity it didn't kill you. If you are his brother you know where he is, d—n you, and if you don't tell, I'll string you up to a telegraph pole in his place"—seizing him by the throat.

"For God's sake, Captain Wall!" screamed Mrs. Donahue, rushing in and loosing the Captain's grip, "are you lower than a brute! Have you no principles left! That poor man don't know where Charlie is—none of us do! He left the house at noon—as I told you before—knowing that you devils would be after him."

"It's a d—d good thing he took a tumble to himself, but we'll get him all right! Come on, boys, we'll take these fellows we've captured to the pen." With this he left the room, joining half a dozen soldiers in the hall, who were guarding a small group of men already under arrest.

Many of the prominent union men, profiting by past experience, had fled to the hills for safety. Others who had not been pronounced and active agitators, fearing no violence, had remained. But their inactivity availed them nothing. They were union men and must go.

Hundreds of houses were entered, by force where necessary, and the terrified women and children were compelled to witness the husbands, fathers, and brothers subjected to all manner of insults and abuse, and marched away, in many instances but half clad. Women and young girls were needlessly dragged from their beds, nameless indignities being imposed upon them which their male relatives were compelled to witness, helpless to interfere. Money and valuables were taken, bedding strewn over the floors, furniture thrown pell-mell, broken and destroyed.

Failing to find Charlie Peck, at midnight a dozen men approached Kimmel's house. Their rap at the door not being promptly answered, the butt of a rifle burst it open.

"What do you want," asked Mr. Kimmel, coming into the hall with a light as the door flew open.

"We want Charlie Peck."

"He is not here."

"You lie! We've raked the town and can't find him; you have him hidden! He's sweet on that little baby-faced girl that worked for Parrish, and you folks must be hiding him!"

"You may search the house, gentlemen, although you have no right to do so. I appeal to you, though, as men

with wives, sisters, and mothers to have some regard for the feelings of the women——”

“Oh, cut it out! Come on, men, let’s find the d——d dynamiter! One of you stand guard over Kimmel! Here, you!”—to Mrs. Kimmel, as she emerged from her bed-room with a wrapper thrown over her night-dress—“stand there, alongside your husband!”

Going to Dolly’s room, they found the door locked; a kick opened it. Dolly lay cowering and trembling with the covers drawn over her head.

“Here you, come out of that!” ordered one of the brutes, snatching the covering off the terrified girl.

“Oh, sir, please let me alone! What have I done?——”

“Shut up, you hussy! Come out of that!” pulling her from the bed. “Now, where is that d——d lover of yours? Tell us where he is or we’ll take you to the bull pen in his place!”

“Oh, sir!” she sobbed, “I haven’t seen him since noon! I don’t know where he is——”

“You lie! You’ve got him hidden, but we’ll find him!” stripping the bedding off and piling it on the floor. “When we do find him we’ll hang the d——d dynamiter to a pole and take you to see how nice he looks!”

Outraged, insulted nature will stand only so much until it must rebel. Dolly could stand it no longer.

“You call yourselves men! You inhuman curs! Insult helpless, defenceless women!! Oh, I wish I could have one of those guns in my hand just one minute!! I’d die happy if I could kill you first!! Have you no shame? Oh, if there is a God I wonder He don’t strike you dead!! I curse you——”

“God, but you’re a beauty! I don’t wonder Peck is

stuck on you! I think I'll take a kiss myself!" putting his arms around her.

"You filthy brute!! Take that!!" spitting squarely in his face as he bent over her.

"You little devil!! D—n your soul!! take that and see how you like it!" Whirling her around he gave her a kick that sent her staggering across the room.

From room to room, down in the cellar, through the outbuildings and everywhere, their search continued for half an hour. Then the noble, heroic defenders of national honor, liberty, and freedom, departed, muttering lurid curses against Charlie Peck.

The next day the captured union men, with the exception of forty, who were held for further investigation, were marched to the depot and put on board a special train.

Wives, children, relatives and friends, a throng of two thousand at least, gathered at the depot to get a parting word, a hand-shake, or a farewell kiss from the prisoners; but the militia and sheriff's deputies beat them back with bayonets, permitting no interviews whatever.

The train pulled out, no one knowing its destination. The next morning at daybreak a halt was made on a bleak, treeless plain in Kansas, no sign of habitation being in sight. Here the men were ordered out of the cars, given a day's rations and told never to enter the state of Colorado again.

As the militia walked back to the coaches a number of the exiles began singing, "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty!"

After singing one verse some one proposed, "Three cheers for Old Glory!"

"Now, fellow exiles, I propose that we all kneel down

and offer thanks to Almighty God that the Government at Denver and Washington still lives! Lives, hoping to be re-elected, to give us, or other slaves, cause to rejoice in our 'Government of the people, for the people, by the people!' " shouted a tall, robust miner.

"Amen! Amen! Hurrah for King James!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH THE POT CALLS THE KETTLE NAMES.

The day following the explosion Parrish, Dudley and Hamilton were seated in Parrish's office engaged in earnest conversation.

"I tell you, Hamilton," said Dudley "you are mistaken. That explosion could not have been caused by the Miners' Union, had the miners desired it. And I don't know why they should desire it—as the strike would have been over in a few days. The Citizens' Alliance held a secret meeting a few nights ago, I am told, in which a good many violent things were urged. None of the mine owners were present—at least none of the heavy-weights. The Alliance broke faith with us, went back on us when we had the strike about settled——"

"By God, Dudley!" said Hamilton hotly, "you mine owners broke faith with the Alliance, instead of the Alliance breaking faith with you!"

"In what way?"

"By offering to patch up matters with the union at all. You fellows know that with the union re-instated, business men might as well pack up and get out—if they have anything left to get out with. You know their co-operative scheme will keep on spreading until they would not leave an opening for even a peanut stand!" Hamilton answered bitterly.

c. "Oh, well, Hamilton," said Parrish, "you business men ~~adn't~~ kick; you ought to be able to stand a little healthy

competition. You should not expect us to keep our losses going on indefinitely to oblige you fellows. As a matter of fact, we simply had to have these fellows—or a great many of them. These strike-breakers are not miners; they are mostly a lot of bums and saloon-loafers picked up in Denver, Omaha, and other cities. Taken as a whole they are the toughest lot of men I ever saw. Miners! God!! I'll bet I've had more pay-rock go over the dump within the last six months than has gone into the ore-bins. You fellows should not blame us for settling the strike. That's what every one has been wishing for months——”

“Yes, but not that way. You shouldn't have thrown us down——”

“Why man! You couldn't expect us to look out for everyone in the camp, surely. Consider everyone's interests——”

“That's what I told the fellows the other night, that you big fellows didn't give a d—n for us! Just wanted to use us as a catspaw to rake your chestnuts out of the fire——”

“Oh, you did, eh! Now that was unkind, really”—laughing. “Honestly, now, Hamilton, do you suppose that we could conduct business and consider the likes and dislikes of everybody? I'm surprised at you! So you Alliance people got hot at us, and thought you'd kick up a little disturbance on your own hook——”

“I didn't say so! I don't know a d—d thing about the explosion!” retorted Hamilton weakly, dropping his eyes.

“Well, I didn't say you did, did I?” replied Parrish, with a knowing look at Dudley.

“No, I don't want you to; we fellows know too much of each other now,” replied Hamilton, looking at Parrish

and putting on his hat. "I think I'll go home, I'm all broke up with this strain."

"I think I'll shut up shop for today and go home, too," said Parrish, closing his desk with a bang.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

Nearly a week had elapsed since the explosion at the Independent depot. A week of strenuous excitement, the hunting down and exiling of union men being carried on relentlessly, some four hundred of whom were shipped out!

The Reverend James Brown's church was filled with a fashionably attired congregation, an unusual number of men being present this beautiful Sunday morning. After the opening services of song and prayer the minister rose and said:

"My text this morning, Brethren, will be from Genesis, 'And the Lord said unto Cain, where is thy brother, Abel?' and he said, 'I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?'

"Sermons beyond number have been preached from this text, and untold sermons will be preached from it in the future. In fact, I feel the necessity for asking that question is increasing, instead of diminishing, as we ministers have so fondly and blindly believed.

"The events of the last year and a half should bring that question home to every citizen in this county, yes, every citizen in the state of Colorado. Nay, we should not confine it to this state, for it concerns the whole nation, yes, the entire world; for the same conditions present here in our midst are to be found, in greater or less degree, in every civilized land.

"Friends, I want to do my duty as I see it—aye! I must do it!! I cannot meet my God knowing I have wil-

fully failed to do my duty to my brother, for my only solution to Cain's question is: 'Aye, aye, Cain, thou art indeed thy brother's keeper!' This must be the answer of every God-fearing man. It is your answer when you accept the mere fact of government itself. You answer: 'Aye, Cain, thou art thy brother's keeper,' when you insist upon the enactment or enforcement of laws compelling men, or bodies of men, to recognize and respect the natural, God-given rights of all men. When you extend the helping hand of charity; when your voice and arm are raised in protest against suffering and brutality; when the lump of compassion swells your throat, the tear springs to the eye; when every nerve tingles with indignation at man's inhumanity to man, it is but your reply in the voice of the Lord: 'Aye, Cain, thou art indeed thy brother's keeper!'

"My friends, I have been lamentably blind to the conditions which surround me, and now, when I can see clearly, I am astonished at my blindness! I have sought for the cause of my faulty vision, and can only account for it by recalling how narrow all our lives really are—how much we are the weak creatures of habit in thought—how much our thoughts are moulded by the circles in which we move and exist. Science and inventions bring the whole world to our doors. We read of the famine in India, and our breasts swell in sympathy for the poor heathens; but we forget that gaunt, hungry famine is constantly in our midst, lurking in foul pits and dens too filthy for description, shoving its repulsive, haggard, pinched face into our sight at every turn.

"Modern methods give us the news of yesterday's battle between Russia and Japan, the English and the Tibetans. Their defeats or victories are served to us with our

morning meal, and our minds digest the horrors of war as tranquilly and naturally as our bodies digest our meal; forgetting, perchance, that war, all war, is wrong, criminally wrong, and a negative answer to Cain's question: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

"Brethren, the condition of mind, the blindness which has until very recently afflicted me is, I feel certain, a condition which afflicts the majority of this congregation. Our minds can only grasp a given quantity. We fill our minds with the wars, scandals, intrigues, dazzling splendors, costly raiment, and stirring events of other states, other lands, other peoples, and our minds get into ruts and channels out of which we cannot climb; or, if we do get out it is but for a moment, then we tumble in again. Friends, I am going to ask you to get out of your mental ruts this morning, and answer with me the question: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The fact that not a person within sound of my voice has failed to suffer, directly or indirectly, within the last year, from the effects of the strenuous conditions prevalent in this county is sufficient excuse for my request. Some of you, doubtless, feel as I did in the beginning: That it was no concern of yours, and that in any event you could not be affected by the outcome.

"No doubt you also were sorry that such conditions should exist in this day of twentieth century civilization; but you only shrugged your shoulders and said: 'Let those fellows fight it out, they are no brothers of mine!' Conditions went on from bad to worse, this one and that one—non-combatants, they flattered themselves—were affected. The business man turned impatiently from the war news of Japan to the war news of Lame Brook. The society woman neglected the society news of Paris, London and New York

to learn more of the conditions of men and women in her home town.

“Conditions grew worse, the strife more bitter, more and more people were affected, until we stand today, each and every one of us, lined up in two opposing factions—one faction saying: ‘Yea, I am my brother’s keeper! The brother to the Ox is my brother! His wrongs are my wrongs! His battles against the masters are my battles!’ The other faction cries: ‘Yea, I am my brother’s keeper! The master of the Ox is my brother! His wrongs are my wrongs! His battles with the Ox are my battles, and I trust he may fasten the yoke more securely on the neck of the Ox!’

“Thus we stand today, acknowledging that we, who thought we were no kin to the combatants, are really brothers to one or the other, but not to all of them. But will such answer as we make be that which the Lord would make? Let each face his God, as he will have to some day, and say if that is the answer he will give when he stands before the Judge of Judges in the Court of Heaven!

“Friends, standing here I can recall sights I have witnessed during the last week that I wish could be blotted from my mind forever! sights which I know I can never forget, no matter how much I wish to do so; sights the like of which I hope never to see again!

“Laid out in a room, I saw the mangled, bloody remains of what were once men! men who were husbands, brothers, and sweethearts of happy women—women who could not go to that ghastly room and identify their loved ones, so much were the bodies torn and crushed! I saw men lying in the streets stark and cold in death, their glassy, sightless eyes turned toward Heaven as if appealing to the Lord for an answer to the question, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’

"I saw men hunted like wild beasts! fleeing for their lives, forsaking their homes, their wives, their children, their earthly possessions; with other men in pursuit howling, screaming, and cursing—chasing with the grim determination of wolves, ravenous for blood! I saw women insulted with vile curses, and nameless obscenity; their clothing stripped from their bodies; kicked and abused as I would be ashamed to abuse a dog!

"I saw men marched between files of soldiers, prodded with bayonets to prevent their speaking a farewell word with heartbroken mothers, wives and daughters! Guarded by soldiers bearing aloft the beautiful stars and stripes—Old Glory—that emblem of liberty, freedom and justice! Free men! American citizens! Men who were born under the folds of the old flag; men who had proudly carried that flag on the fields of Shiloh and Gettysburg, fighting that slavery might perish; men who answered: 'Yea, I am my brother's keeper;' these men I saw placed on trains and exiled from their homes, and as I saw I thought of Siberia!

"I saw these things, friends, and my very blood boiled within me! I asked myself this question: 'Why is this? What is the cause?' I went back step by step, as I now ask you to go with me. Why were these men exiled? Because of the blowing up of the depot at Independent. Why was the depot blown up? Because of the strike. Why did the miners strike? Because the legislature failed to keep its pledges; and obey the orders of the people. Why did the legislature disregard the pledges? Because corporate wealth controlled the legislature. Why should corporations control the legislature? Because it would permit them to make laws in their own interest, so as to increase their profits. What are profits? They are the things produced by labor,

which the present system steals from labor under the guise of wages.

“Now, my friends, we have traced this lamentable condition of affairs back to the inception. Not to the miners, nor to the mine owners—not to any man, or set of men, nor any class, but back to all of us, and our social system. Hence, by standing for our social system we are all responsible for the life of every man who has been murdered in this strike; their blood is on our hands!

“Is my logic strained or misleading? Let us see. The Declaration of Independence says: ‘All men are created free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.’ I interpret that to mean what it says, ‘That all men are created free—with certain unalienable rights.’ What does ‘free’ mean? It means that each one is at liberty to do as his mind dictates, so long as doing so shall not conflict with the liberty of others to do as they please.

“What are ‘unalienable rights?’ I interpret them as natural rights—rights which cannot be taken away, even by law. What are those rights? ‘Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness’ are some of them, and all that I shall now discuss.

“If a man is entitled to life he is just as surely entitled to that which sustains life. What sustains life? Food and clothing. How are they obtained? From Nature’s stores by man’s labor. Who is entitled to what man produces by his labor from Nature’s stores? The man who produces the things. Is any man entitled to any portion of that which some other man produces? None whatever. Then if one man receives a part of what some other man produces,

and does not give an equivalent in his own product, one man is robbed and the other man is a robber. Is not that true?

"Therein, my friends, lies the cause of this conflict, this war between capital and labor. Nature's laws, man's unalienable rights, have been set aside, been trampled under foot by men, and men's laws have been set up to take their place. The attempt has been a failure, as must be every attempt to substitute man-made laws for God-made laws. It cannot be done! Man must work in harmony with Nature, in order to live in harmony with Nature, in order to live in harmony with his fellows.

"Brethren, I have traced this discord back to its source. I think the logic is unanswerable. The violation of the natural rights of men to all they produce is the cause of, not only this present bloodshed and suffering here, but the untold misery, bloodshed and violence which have blighted the destinies of men and nations since the dawn of civilization.

"The cause having been found, how shall a cure be effected? Ah! there is the rub! I wish it could be as easily done as said. Our whole social system rests on a cornerstone of robbery and extortion! Eliminate these abuses or our entire social fabric will collapse! Friends, it must be done, and the sooner we begin the innovation the less will be the havoc created.

"'Ah, ha! You teach Socialism,' you tell me! Yes, brethren, I am a Socialist! I have always been one, but did not know it, nor did I know what Socialism is! When I saw the outrages on decency, Christianity and civilization which have been perpetrated here, I began to think. When I saw men hounded out of town like wild beasts; when I saw a man chained to a telegraph pole because he would not

work at the command of an upstart military ruffian; when I saw a gray-haired woman whose whole life had been spent among the toiling brothers of the Ox, driven out of town, her sole offence that she was pleading for justice in behalf of the helpless victims of corporate greed—when I saw these things I found that I was a Socialist!

“My dear brothers and sisters, what this strife has been to me you will never know. I have prayed God to give me strength to do my duty as a Christian! I have risen from my prayers to wrestle with Satan, who urged me to let well enough alone, to keep still, enjoy my good living, my comfortable surroundings! He would whisper in my ear: ‘No, no, these are no brothers of yours, and even if they were you are not their keeper! They are to blame for their condition! They drink, they gamble, they are extravagant! They have the chance to be Captains of Industry! Heed them not, concern yourself only with spiritual things! Industrial affairs are not in your line; you are a minister!’ Hourly and daily I have fought this battle. Now I am resolved to do my duty. I have wavered, faltered, rallied, and fell back, until yesterday, when the crowning infamy of infamies appeared! I could waver no longer! I would lift my voice for justice whatever be the cost! Listen, friends, while I read you the crowning infamy of military despotism:

“Headquarters, National Guard of Colorado,
“Special Order Number 19.

“No organization will be allowed, while this county is under military control, to furnish aid in any form to the members of any organization, or their families, in this county, unless the same is done through military channels. Major Thomas E. McClernan is provost marshal of this district, and he stands ready to receive from any person or organization, any money, or other supplies which are for distribution among persons rendered needy by reason of the military occupation of this county for the suppression of insurrec-

tion, and all other money and other supplies so furnished will be so applied to the relief of the persons above referred to.

"EDWARD DECKERBERG,
"Commanding Military District in the absence of General Bull.

"This is the lowest depths of bestial brutality! Every one in this congregation knows there can be no shadow of excuse for the issuance of such an order! Every one must know that the military record has been one long trail of looting and theft, which, if not sanctioned and planned by the officers, certainly was not prevented. Take this fact, with the well known fact that business men have been driven out for selling goods to these strikers, and only one conclusion can be reached: The military authorities mean to starve, absolutely starve, these helpless women and children!

"Ah, friends, I ask you: Can anything be more damnable than this? You are forbidden to succor your brother who is perishing from hunger! How this grates on my soul, friends, you cannot know. Few of you know my history, and those of you who do, know that it is a humble one. I was born in southern Illinois, and left an orphan when seven years of age. My uncle and aunt raised me, gave me as much of an education as their poverty would allow, and plenty of hard work. A few years after the death of my mother I was taken by my foster parents away from the county of my nativity. Since their move I have never seen either of my three brothers, one of whom is older, and two younger than I. Now I have lost all trace of them, and know not but that they, one or all, perhaps their families or children, are fallen, the victims of this unholy, abominable class war. In fact, within the last three days I have thought that one of these persecuted men is one of my lost brothers, but he has disappeared, and I cannot confirm my suspicions.

"I have met him twice only, and then the thought never entered my mind that he was my brother. Candidly, I was so wrapped up in this strife that I forgot that I had brothers, flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood. But since the meetings the conviction has grown upon me, till now I am almost convinced that this man is one of my brothers. I can hardly bear to think of it, yet recognize in the circumstances nothing improbable.

"Friends, I can be neutral no longer! I am a Socialist! God helping me, I will be one so long as I live! I am enlisted for the battle until the war is ended! My only prayer is that I may have strength to fight on till I see the dawn of the coming Brotherhood of Man!—that day when every man will be proud to say: 'Yea, yea, I am my brother's keeper!' Let us pray."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. AND MRS. PARRISH LAY THEIR HEARTS BARE.

Many were the black, scowling looks cast upon the minister as he progressed with his sermon, several persons going out before he had finished. Others sat the sermon through, absently turning the leaves of the hymn books, and fidgeting nervously in their seats. A few, on the contrary, unconsciously nodded their heads in approval.

Mr. and Mrs. Parrish hurried out as soon as the sermon was concluded, contrary to their usual habit.

"Wasn't that a splendid sermon, Will?" asked Mrs. Parrish. "Isn't it awful to think the military should issue such an order! Well," tossing her head, defiantly, "I know one that will pay no attention to the order, anyhow. Why are you so uneasy, dear? You fidgeted in church worse than a child, and now your thoughts are wandering till I don't believe you know what I have said."

"Eh—what? Oh, yes, that sermon! No, I didn't like it. He was preaching right at *me*—I know it! Every time I looked up his eyes were right on me! My God, Ruth!" mopping his brow with his handkerchief, "this strain is killing me! I'm almost crazy! Curse that preacher!! He—"

"Will Parrish! Are you crazy? Why should you curse him! What has he done?" Mrs. Parrish spoke in a tone of utter bewilderment.

"What has he done! Stood there and the same as called me and every other wealthy man in his congregation

a robber!! We, who built his church! We, to whom he owes every bite he eats! We, who have built up the town and furnished work to all these rascally men! He's a Socialist! And you ask what he has done! The next thing I know you will tell me that you are a Socialist!"

"I am," she replied, softly.

"What?"

"I am a Socialist!"

He stopped, turned and looked her full in the face, a look of profound astonishment. The look was returned fearlessly, and, dropping his gaze, he slowly resumed his walk. They continued on in silence until their beautiful home was reached, and Margie came running with outstretched arms, demanding a kiss. He kissed her in an absent way, took her hand, and walked to a shady seat on the porch. An icy barrier seemed suddenly to have sprung up between man and wife. Both sank into that silent communion which deep thinkers often interpose between themselves and social intercourse.

Mrs. Parrish entered the house and retired to her room, where she remained until lunch was announced.

Mr. Parrish seated himself in the comfortable porch rocker, and, taking Margie on his lap, sat with eyes half closed, wrapped in thought. Margie's questions were unheeded or answered in such a half-hearted way that she soon slid down and ran away to find more congenial company.

At lunch the family air was so frigid that even the children noticed it, little George saying: "What is the matter, Mamma, you act so queer!" And the waiter confided to the cook: "The missus and the old man must have had a ~~acket~~ jacket." The meal was quickly ended, Mr. Parrish re-

suming his seat on the porch, and she trying to read a magazine. Thus an hour went by; then Mrs. Parrish threw the book down, and approaching her husband, placed her arms around his neck and asked: "Will, are you angry with me?"

"Angry, Ruth!" He kissed her brow. "No, but I am shocked! stunned!! I can't describe my feelings! Sit down while I talk to you," pulling her down in his lap.

"I'm so sorry, dear!" Tears were in Mrs. Parrish's eyes as she spoke. "I just can't help it. I can only do and believe what my conscience tells me is right."

"I understand, Ruth, doing that is natural to you. But you don't know how completely whipped and cowed I am. I have fought Socialists and Socialism for two years. I have fought the workers and the business men, knowing as I fought that it was a hopeless fight, even if temporarily successful. I fought, too, not so much for myself as for you, for the children. Now, after wearing myself nearly crazy in the fight with the outside world, I find I have to fight it in my own home—fight it or give up the fight—"

"But why should we fight, or quarrel, dear? I will not argue with you. I shall keep my opinions to myself—"

"Impossible, Ruth! There are very few Socialists who do not make their political convictions in a way a religion. They can't keep still—look at the minister. Even though you never spoke a word of Socialism your eyes would reproach me every time I entered the house. Where did you learn about Socialism? But I need not ask. It seems to be in the air, a sort of contagion, I might say."

"Mrs. Foss has talked to me a good deal, and loaned me several books. Won't you read them, Will? I know you would be a different man if you knew what Socialism is;

you would not fight against it, for you cannot help but believe in it when you know the truth. Won't you read them, please?"

"I have read them, or others similar. I believe in Socialism, but I am not a Socialist. If I were a worker I certainly would be one, but—"

"Not a Socialist! Then, Will, you are not honest with yourself. You have not the manhood to stand up for what your conscience tells you is right! O, Will!!" There was more reproach than anger in her eyes.

"My God, Ruth, spare me! Don't look at me like that! Scold me, upbraid me, abuse me, do anything but look at me that way! Ah, Pet, you don't know how dishonest I am! how great a hypocrite I am! What you reproach me with I have done for your sake! Know what Socialism means? Ah, there is the sting! I have understood it for two years. My reason tells me it is right, is just; but my self-interest, my love for my family, my knowledge of the world with its lust and selfishness, prevents me from following where my conscience points.

"I fight it, Ruth, knowing the fight is hopeless; knowing that in spite of the fact that this nation seems to be pressing forward to higher ideals, more noble sentiments, more prosperity and comforts, that the good things, the joys and pleasures are for but a few; while the great mass, ever increasing in numbers, are constantly ground beneath a terrible Juggernaut! I strive for more, more, always more! yet, am never satisfied! I have all the things which should give me pleasure, pleasure beyond anticipation, yet the pleasure will not come. Even as I amass the wealth which is to give me pleasure, my conscience goads me mercilessly at the methods I must pursue to amass my wealth. I get more

real pleasure in giving ten dollars to some poor unfortunate than I do in spending as many hundred for my own comfort."

"Will, I believe you! I know how you feel in one respect; but I can't for the life of me understand why, if you feel as you do about the falsity of this system, this Jugger-naut, you continue to countenance it! You are inconsistent, dear!"

"I know it, even better than you do," he replied, stroking her hair. "I am like the morphine fiend, in a way. I realize fully the dangers of the practice; I realize the insanity of it all. While on the other hand I feel, in anticipation at least, all the delicious, sensuous thrills, the exaltation, the greatness, the self-satisfaction of the morphine slave.

"What I feel, I believe, too, that very many of the wealthy class likewise feel—the thinking ones at least. Like the morphine fiend, we resolve to reform, live as we should live, change this awful condition—tomorrow! Tomorrow we will change, we will be natural, we will stand before the world for what we really are. We rise, our servants, with every affectation of servility and respect, dress us, feed us, groom us, and make us ready for the daily round of duties or pleasures.

"We leave the house, thus having taken our first shot of the intoxicating drug; we enter the carriage in charge of flunkies who bend double in excess of politeness, here receiving a mild dose; we go to the office, pick up the paper, see ourselves, or friends, lauded and flattered; more morphine! The effects of the drug are now perceptible; as the business of the day begins, we commence to build air-castles, ethereal, of beauty unsurpassable and impossible, such as

fit through the mind of the dope-fiend. We see the multitudes bowing to us, courting our favor on bended knees; we move in an atmosphere charged with the perfume of choice flowers, sweet-sounding with the songs of birds and the laughter of siren women; the applause of friends, the flattery of hangers-on; we see ourselves in positions of power and influence, as Governors, Senators, and Presidents; we look aloft to the man with more power and honor, longing to sit at his side instead of his feet; we know that if we can master this system we can be Captains of Industry—even Kings—instead of mere lieutenants, adjutants, sergeants or privates.

“We make trades that are in open violation of the Golden Rule; we combine to elect city, county, state and national officers; we use those officers as our puppets; we set one class of workers to fight others in our interest; we slaughter indiscriminately men, women, and children by the slow torture of the wage system.

“We do all these things, and ten thousand more, under the stimulus of the intoxicating drug. We live all day under the seductive spell, and going home at night drop a dollar in the hat of the blind beggar, receiving more lasting satisfaction by the act than we had from the day’s consummation of dazzling schemes. We have done one act of which Conscience approves; one act we can look back to with pleasure as long as we live. We enter our homes, our Margies, Georgies, and Ruthies meet us with kisses,” he paused, straining Ruth to his breast, the tears falling on her bonny, brown hair, “kisses, Ruth, worth more, treasured longer, than the praise from all the fawning fools and scoundrels who seek to use us as a ladder on which to climb to our side, or a lever to lift themselves still higher on the pinnacle of

the morphine victim's dream. We sip the drug, dream the dreams, have the reaction, as we count the cost to the human race and ourselves, then go to bed resolved to reform, to change all, be true to ourselves and our Maker; yes, we will reform—tomorrow!"

"Yes, dear, I knew your heart was right, I knew yours was a noble soul; but still I can't understand. Why not quit it all! We have enough—more than enough."

"Pet, there is the trouble! There are many reasons, some of which we need not consider. My quitting would not change the conditions. The car of Juggernaut would still move on in its bloody path. But if I quit, what could I do? Retire to a life of ease? Retire to a life of useless, needless, meaningless ease? Oh, no, I could never do that! 'All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy,' is as true as the original saying. I am young. I must do something. That something must be productive of results. I must work, work for the pure love of work; but not the senseless carrying of stones back and forth across a vacant lot, as we see tramps and vagrants worked for punishment—God forbid!"

"Why not enlist your talents in the cause of Socialism? You believe in it, why not work for it? Surely no cause is more worthy; your time, talents, and money cannot be used in a cause more noble. I feel that I could willingly and cheerfully go out and battle for it; give up all my comforts and luxuries to sweep this awful curse from the earth forever," looking proudly up into his face.

"Ah, Ruth, that shows the difference between us! Socialism is a battle of years, it seems to me; and I realize that you would beggar yourself in the work. You have never known want. I have. I have gone hungry, been so desper-

ate that it seemed anything was justifiable to satisfy my cravings for bread! I can't think of you or the children ever coming to that stage! I believe in Socialism—know that it must come some time. I have listened to that man Peck, the president of the union, and as he talked, the glow and fervor of the man with a purpose lighting his eye, lending force and eloquence to his arguments, I have felt like grasping his hand and saying: 'Amen!' No man, unless the most ignorant, can stand up before their arguments; no man dare try to meet them in debate; every true man who can grasp the meaning of their philosophy must be convinced. Yet, my pride, my associations, my environment, my self-interest, all restrain me from taking that step which will cut me and my family off from the honor and respect of the cultured classes. No, Ruth, I am, as I said before, like the morphine fiend. I know I should change, but I have not the will-power, the moral courage to do it. Even as that preacher talked this morning, and I sat and mentally cursed him while he talked, I could not but admit the truth of every word he said, and my better nature whispered: 'Take him by the hand! Pledge him your moral support!' while the Devil that has been ground into me by this accursed System, whispered: 'No, no, curse him! Curse him!! He is talking against your interests!' Like him, I may be able some day to get up the moral courage to follow the dictates of my conscience, my better self. But I don't know, I don't know!" He paused, wearily passing his hand over his brow. "May God forgive me, Ruth! sometimes I have awful thoughts; I feel that if it wasn't for you and the children I would end it all—"

"O, Will! you don't mean that you would—" She faltered, her lips failing to utter the terrible words.

He merely bowed his head, anguish checking his speech. She pressed her tear-stained face to his. "God pity you, you poor man! Never let such thoughts enter your mind again!" she whispered, brokenly. "You have me and the babies; we will always love you, no matter what happens! Pray the Lord for strength! He will help you! I will pray for you! Follow your heart, and you never can do wrong!"

"Yes, Ruth, I know you trust me—I could not bear up without you! But you don't know how wicked I am! O God, Ruth, I can't tell you! I can't! I can't!"

"Some day then, dear! Don't excite yourself farther. Let us drop the subject. I know that some time your better nature must prevail. Let us go and find the children."

CHAPTER XL.

A NIGHT IN THE BULL PEN.

After Charlie Peck fled to the Madigan tunnel for safety Dolly went every day to Mrs. Murphy's, carrying provisions. She never got to see Charlie, but had to content herself with Mrs. Murphy's account of his health and appearance.

She longed to see Charlie, talk to him, if but for a moment, feel the pressure of his hand. She had proposed several times that Mrs. Kimmel accompany her at twilight and stay until Charlie came out for his food supply. On Sunday evening, after the Reverend Mr. Brown had preached his startling sermon, Mrs. Kimmel consented to accompany her. It was barely dark when they set out with a loaf of bread, some cold chicken, cake and little dainties for the exile.

They were nearing the outskirts of town when two soldiers came from a cross-street and stopped at the corner, not twenty paces away. "My heavens, Dolly! If they stop us they will be sure to arrest us! What shall we do?" whispered Mrs. Kimmel.

"We can't do anything but keep right on, unconcerned. Maybe they will not suspect anything."

"Hello there! Where are you women going this time of night?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Just to see a lady friend who is sick," replied Dolly, with trembling lips.

"What you got under your shawl? Stop! We've got

to see about this!" With these words one of the soldiers stepped in front of the now thoroughly frightened women.

"Ah, ha! Bread! Chicken! Cake! I guess you'll have to let your sick friend wait and go with us to the pen—"

"Oh, sir!" pleaded Mrs. Kimmel, "you wouldn't arrest us just for taking something to a sick woman, would you?"

"That 'sick woman' talk won't do, my fine lady! You've got some man hidden that you want to feed! It's against the law, anyhow, even to feed women! The soldiers will do that. Come along!"

"Oh, sir, think of my husband! He doesn't know where I am!" said Mrs. Kimmel, indignantly.

"Your husband won't need to worry any on your account, just because you don't git there tonight with that grub. Anyhow, he ought to be ashamed of you for disobeying military orders. Come on now, and don't give us any more of that whinin' and cryin'. Step out there now in front of us!"

"Let's sample this chicken, Jim," said one of the men, tearing open a package. "Crickey! That cake is just like what mother used to make!—'minds me of home. Say, whoever made that cake is all right, an' when we chase your old man out of the country you can count on me for a steady boarder—'course you'll need a man around the house."

"You mean, insulting cur! If we wanted a man your breed would be the last we'd send for! We'd want a man, not a dog!" cried Dolly, as she listened to their indelicate criticisms of the cake she had baked for Charlie.

Half an hour's walk brought them to the bull-pen. "Here we are; git in there, my beauts!" said one of the guards.

"Sir, this is an outrage! Can't we give bail, or something, to appear in the morning? We can't stay in there all night with those men!" protested Mrs. Kimmel.

"Bail! Ha, ha! That's rich! No, mam! You've got to spend the night in the Hotel de Bull-Pen! In you go now, and no fuss!" pushing them inside the door which the guard unlocked at their approach.

Charlie Peck came from his hiding place and cautiously picked his way down to Mrs. Murphy's.

"Shure, Charlie, me bye, Oi can't think phwat's wrong wid Miss Dolly unless she's goin' to come the noight an' see yez," said Mrs. Murphy, when Charlie reached the large rock where he always met her. "She do be talkin' ivery day thot she'd a notion to come at night to see yez. She ar-re thot worrit loike."

"Oh, dear, I hope she won't be so foolish!" said he. "It's bad enough for women to be moving around in the day-time, now, let alone at night. These men are half crazy—"

"Not half, Charlie, they're plumb looney! Phwat do ye think is the last crazy shot? The Gineral do be sarvin' notice on mesilf an' all th' wash-women thot we mustn't do anither dud av washin' f'r th' union min, at all, at all! Did yiz iver hear th' loike! Shure, Charlie, an' Oi'd die happy if Oi could ounly git thot ould Gin'ral Bull by th' hair av th' hid an' his nose on me wash-board f'r foive minnits!"

"I would never have believed that men could be so crazy, Mrs. Murphy! I've a notion to run the chances and go down to Kimmel's. I'm uneasy," said Charlie.

"Oi'd not thry it, me bye! Do yeez wait, an' Oi'll go to th' house an' git ye a bite. 'Tis not much, but 'twill kape ye aloive."

"No, no; I have enough up there to keep me a couple of days. It isn't that; I want to know what has happened."

She tried to persuade him to return to the tunnel, let her find out the next day and report to him whether anything serious had happened. But Charlie would not have it so, and after waiting impatiently a few minutes longer he set off for Kimmel's.

Stopping to listen, dodging behind rocks and shrubs at the approach of anyone, he finally arrived at Kimmel's gate. Noiselessly he entered the yard, passed around the house and discovered a man walking nervously back and forth on the porch. He paused a moment until the man approached where he was crouching at the corner of the house. It was Mr. Kimmel himself.

"John!" whispered Charlie. John paused in his walk. "Who is it?" he asked.

"It's me, Charlie!" stepping on the porch and grasping his friend's hand.

"My God, Charlie, you shouldn't run this risk! Come inside," said John, going inside and turning on the light. "I'm glad you're here, though. I'm worried about my wife and Dolly——"

"Yes, where are they? Has anything happened?"

"I don't know. When I started down town Mrs. Kimmel called after me not to be worried if she wasn't in when I returned, as she and Dolly were going out for a short walk. I've been home an hour now, and no sign of"—listening intently—"Ha! there they are now!"

Going to the door he opened it to face Captain Wall and a posse of soldiers, who walked into the house. As Charlie caught sight of them he bolted for the door opening into the dining room.

"Crack! !" went a revolver. "My Lord! Captain, you'd a killed him if I hadn't hit your arm!" exclaimed one of the soldiers dashing after Charlie, yelling, "Halt!" Before Charlie could open the door the soldier had him by the collar.

"What is the meaning of this outrage, Captain Wall?" demanded John, as the soldiers rushed into the house.

"It means, Mr. Kimmel, that you have got to get out of town, and stay out! We come just in time! We've got that d---d dynamiter, Peck, that we've been wanting so long! Come on, boys! Let's get this pair off to the pen!"

* * * * *

While these stirring events were occurring on one side of the city, equally exciting events were happening in other places.

About twilight a lady carrying a light hand-grip was walking along the street. Suddenly she paused as she observed three men standing at a corner talking, and evidently under the influence of liquor. Crossing the street she made a wide detour to get past the men without attracting attention to herself.

"What the devil is that woman dodging around for? Looks suspicious!" said one. "Orders is to investigate all suspicious characters, especially wimmen. Hey, there! Wait a minnit!" starting across the street, followed by his companions.

Obediently the lady paused. "Sorry, Mam, but I'll have to find out who ye are, an' what you've got in that grip. Sorry, Mam, but orders is orders, an' we've all got to mind the law."

"You've no right to stop me on the street in this manner—"

"Oh, pshaw, my lady, we're soldiers an' we know our

business. You'll have to tell me your name an' let me see what you've got in that grip," insisted the man.

"I'll not tell you my name, it is none of your concern! I'm just going to call on a poor woman with a little food to keep her and her babies from starving, after you soldiers have run her husband out of the country!"

"Yes, 'jes' so!, I'spected as much! That's treason! That's agin military orders! The military will tend to the poor! You'll have to come along with us to the pen, an' tell the General about it."

"If I must, I must, I suppose, but you must take me home first so——"

"Home? Ha, ha! Not much! You'll go right along with us gentlemen! Come along now——"

"But, sir, I have babies at home that I must see, and I think my husband can fix——"

"Oh, no; he can't Mam! Your husband hain't got no pull with us! Nary a pull! An' so far as the babies is concerned, let the old man rock 'em to sleep; it's good for him, an' the kids too; they'll git better acquainted."

"Sir, this is an outrage on all decency! I——"

"Shut up! You make me tired! Come on here, do you think we've got nothing to do but stand around listening to a pack of lies! Move on now, before I jab you with this bayonet to wake you up!" pushing her, roughly.

"You vile brutes! I——"

"Shut yer yawp, d—n ye! D'ye want me to jab you one!" The soldier made a threatening move with his bayonet.

The lady walked proudly along, one soldier by her side, one in the rear, leaving the third one to look for other suspicious characters bent on errands of charity.

Arrived at the bull pen, she demanded an immediate audience with the commanding officer, only to meet the same reply given to Mrs. Kimmel and Dolly Walsh. She had confidently expected to be taken before the chief officer at once, where she thought that upon giving her name she would be permitted to return to her home and babies.

Thoroughly frightened, her proud spirit broken completely, she said, "Gentlemen, please don't put me in there! I'm Mrs. Parrish! Oh! Let me go to my children!"

"That's a h—l of a likely story! It won't go here, my lady; in you go, an' no more fussin'." She was rudely pushed through the door.

"My God, men!" called a voice inside the pen, "have you no decency left! Have you no mothers, sisters, or wives? This is no place for a woman, and you have six in here now! There is no privacy whatever! No toilets, not even beds! What will these poor women do—?"

"Damn the hussies! Let them sleep with the men!" and the door closed with a bang.

"Oh, Mrs. Parrish, you here!" cried Dolly, running to comfort the frantic woman. Mrs. Parrish, dumfounded, shocked, stunned with the weight of her indignities, could only sit on the floor moaning and sobbing. There were five other women, each of whom from the first one jailed, had acted as comforters to each heart-broken victim as they in turn were shoved into the filthy den. They now crowded around Mrs. Parrish, all in a feeble way trying to lift some of the burden of grief and transfer it to their own shoulders.

Mrs. Parrish was soon composed sufficiently to look around her. The sight was enough to bring the blush of shame to the lowest civilized human being. Fifty men crowded into an empty store building, one hundred feet

long by thirty wide! In one end a water pipe and sink where all could wash and obtain drinking water. No toilets or means for privacy whatever, not even a blanket to separate the sexes! The air fetid with the smell of human excrement! The floor dirty and littered with scraps of paper and bits of food! Little heaps of straw comprising the only beds, on which men were lying!

Into this impure den, with all its lack of the barest decencies, six women were thrust! Their only offence that they had followed the noblest instincts of human nature! Doing deeds of charity, they had violated the orders of the military!—no, not the military! The rules of civilized warfare—if warfare can by any stretch of the imagination be called civilized—forbid needless torture, insults, indignities and persecution of helpless women and children!

No, this was not in violation of any military code. It was the enforcement of the orders of the worst type of anarchists! Who, drunk with their power and might, went on, step by step, losing little by little all honor, decency and regard for themselves or others, until they had sunk to the level of brutes! Mrs. Parrish had barely time to examine her surroundings, and explain to the other women the reason for her being so detained when a noise at the door hushed every voice.

“In you go! Yer d——d snivelin’ about being sick is too thin!” said the guard, shoving three men into the room, one of whom sank to the floor with one hand on his side, moaning with agony.

His companions assisted him to a pile of straw in one corner, where he lay with closed eyes, biting his lips to suppress the groans of anguish; his fellow prisoners crowding around venting curses, low but terrible!

"Oh! Merciful Lord!" shrieked Dolly, upon getting a glimpse of the man's face. "Mrs. Kimmel, look! It is Mr. Hope, Charlie's brother! O dear! Will these horrors never cease!"

The women now crowded up, the men falling back to make room, and bent all their efforts towards making the sufferer comfortable. Getting a cup of water, Dolly knelt down and gave him a drink, then cooling his forehead with the remaining water she sat fanning him with her hat. Thus she was engaged when a noise at the door again attracted attention.

"Oh! oh!! oh!!!" screamed Mrs. Kimmel "It's John and Charlie!" She rushed to her husband, throwing her arms around his neck.

The men crowded around Charlie, shaking his hand, offering congratulations and condolences in one breath. As soon as the hubbub subsided sufficiently to enable Charlie to make himself heard, he asked Mrs. Kimmel, "Where is Dolly."

"She is here. Oh—Charlie! I—I—she—your brother—oh, I can't tell you!" she sobbed, as she led Charlie to where Dolly sat fanning his brother.

"Dolly! John!! My God! Am I crazy? Isn't this some horrible nightmare!" he cried, kneeling beside his brother.

"He thinks he is going to die, Charlie!" Dolly whispered. "He's been wishing he could see you! They hurt his wound!"

"Is it you, Charlie?" asked John, opening his eyes.

"Yes, it is me, old boy! How does it happen you are here? Did they hurt you?"

"They came and searched the house. I told them I

was sick, but they said it made no difference! I was your brother any they was going to get rid of the whole breed. I haven't been so well since you left—worry, I suppose. It hurt my side going down stairs. I didn't go fast enough, and one of them pushed me, and I fell, striking my side on the post at the foot of the stairs! I—I—ought to have a doctor, Charlie! I'm afraid—I'm done—for anyhow—but—maybe—a—doctor—could help!" he moaned, brokenly.

Charlie went to the guard. "I wish you would send for a doctor. My brother will die if he doesn't have a doctor at once," he said.

"H-m! I'll see," answered the guard. "I've got no orders about doctors, an' I can't leave; but I'll see if I can't get word to headquarters for you."

"I can't understand this, Mrs. Kimmel," said Mrs. Parrish. "You say this poor man is Mr. Peck's brother, but his name is Hope."

"Oh! Don't you know?—but of course you don't! Well, it is this way: There were four brothers left orphans when they were little boys, the oldest, only nine years, being adopted by a family named Peck—that's Charlie. One, Mr. Hope, was adopted by a family named Harper. They moved, Mr. Harper died, and his widow married a man named Hope. The youngest, only three years old, was adopted by a family named Purdy, who moved to Iowa. You see they got scattered just like a handful of chaff thrown to the winds—why, Mrs. Parrish, are you sick?" grasping her by the arm.

"I—I—feel faint!" faltered Mrs. Parrish. "Let me get a drink." Mrs. Kimmel went to the sink with her and drew a cup of water.

"Go on with the story, please," said Mrs. Parrish. "I

CHAPTER XLI.

A FAMILY RE-UNION.

Mr. Parrish, after his talk with his wife, sat around playing with the children, smoking and reading. He felt greatly relieved, a load was dropped from his shoulders, his confession had done him good. Still he was not entirely at ease; he would not, could not, be until he had made confession in full; but he couldn't summon enough moral courage to face his wife's truthful eyes, see her reproachful looks, now. Tomorrow—yes, tomorrow—maybe he could—not today.

About sundown he ordered the team and light buggy, got in, took the reins and started off. He wanted to be alone and hold self-communion. He loved horses, and as the well-bred, high-strung roadsters leaned forward, anxious to go, eager to give vent to their bounding spirits, bearing hard on the bit, the exhilarating thrill that comes to a lover of horses filled him with pleasure. The swift motion in the soft summer air buoyed him up and revived his drooping spirits. About ten o'clock he returned, gave the team over to the coachman and ran lightly up the steps.

As he entered the door the sound of a child's crying fell on his ear, and little Margie ran to him: "Me wants Mamma! Where is Mamma?"

"Why, Margie, what does this mean? Why are you not sleeping?"

"Jennie," to the nurse, who had followed the child, "what does this mean? Where is Mrs. Parrish?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the nurse. "She went out just at dark carrying her little hand-grip, and I haven't seen her since."

When our minds suggest things that may possibly occur as a punishment for our dirty acts we usually think those punishments are being meted out to us when things occur which we cannot account for. Mr. Parrish had feared that if his wife really knew how damnable his life was she would not live with him longer. Now she was gone! The sweat broke out on his brow in great beads!

"Me want Mamma to hear Margie say 'Now I lay me to sleep,'" wailed the child.

"Papa," said George, with quivering voice, "where is Mamma?"

"I don't know, George," seating himself in a great easy chair, with Margie in his arms.

He questioned the nurse, but could get no information further than the fact that Mrs. Parrish had kissed the children, and left about dark, carrying her little hand-grip. An hour he sat in deep study, vainly trying to soothe Margie, who refused to be comforted and go to sleep without saying, "Now I lay me," at her mother's knee.

"Maybe big, naughty soldier got Mamma an' took her 'way off," wailed Margie.

Perdition! He had never thought of such a thing! What a fool he was! He jumped to his feet, but now a new trouble arose. Margie refused to let him go, breaking out in a passionate fit of weeping. Finally, by telling the children that he was going to get their Mamma he got them to go to the nursery with him. There he heard Margie say her prayers, tucked her in bed, and stood soothing her while her sobs ceased, as outraged nature closed her eyes. Bidding

George be a man he got him to bed, and left the nurse to quiet him.

He hurried down to the bull pen. "Have you got my wife in that d——d hole?" he demanded of the guard.

"I don't know, sir," answered the guard, curtly. "Who do *you* happen to be, coming around here like a commanding officer?"

"My name is Parrish, sir, and I believe you d——d scoundrels have got my wife in there!"

"Like as not! There's a whole gang of squalling women in there, yawpin' around enough to drive a decent feller crazy! Might look in and see, if that's any satisfaction; but you can't git her out before mornin'," answered the guard as he unlocked the door.

Mr. Parrish stepped inside the foul-smelling place. As soon as he stepped inside his wife ran and placed her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Will! I'm so glad you've come!"

"My God, Ruth! How do you happen to be in here?"

"I was taking some things to Mrs. Foss, and they arrested me! But I'm glad now! Oh, it's awful, Will; it's terrible!" she sobbed.

"There is no mistake about that; come, let's get out——"

"No, no, Will! Your brothers! You must see them! You——"

"My brothers! Are you as crazy as everybody else, Ruth?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, your brothers!—Mr. Peck and Mr. Hope! No, I'm not crazy! You don't understand, dear. They are your brothers, and so is the minister, Mr. Brown. Listen until I tell you," and she launched off into a brief explanation,

which took him but a moment to understand, but which stunned and stupefied him for a short time.

While she was talking, dark mutterings of rage could be heard among the prisoners: "Let's kill him!! He's the cause of our being here!! Let's pound the life out of him!!"

She had explained to her husband, and started to lead him where John Hope lay on his bed of straw, when a big rough man stepped in front of them: "Parrish, say your prayers! We're goin' to——"

"Men! Are you crazy, too!" exclaimed Charlie Peck, who saw the move, and, springing forward, whirled the ruffian aside.

"Men! Listen to me! You stand before the world charged with every nameable crime! Your hands are clean! You are innocent of any crime except that of being laborers! Men! American citizens! standing for, and demanding your rights! Will you now dirty your hands, blacken your lives, blast the hopes and names of your wives and children by jumping on a defenseless man and committing an act too low for any but the Colorado militia? Shame, men! I won't let you do it! You'll touch him only over my dead body!! Ah! That's right, I knew you were men! I knew you didn't think of what you were doing! I knew you men were not cowards! Mr. Parrish, you are safe. These are men, who forgot themselves for a moment."

"Mr. Peck, I owe you my life! I owe you more—I—I—cannot express my—you and I are—are——" His voice failed him, he could only hold his brother's hand with tears streaming down his cheeks.

Both stood a few minutes with clasped hands, unable to

speak, while the men who but an instant before were thirsting for blood, moved away, wiping their eyes.

"Mr. Parrish, your wife has told me enough that I know you—and I—are—brothers," said Charlie, mastering himself with an effort. "Further, there is another brother here in this pen, and it seems that Mr. Brown, the minister, is the fourth brother. Let us say nothing more about our differences; they will keep. But Brother John lies there dying, I fear!" He paused to master himself. "He will surely die if we can't get a doctor to him soon? If you have any influence, for God's sake use it, do it quick!"

"I don't know what I can do, Charlie, but I can at least get a doctor," said Mr. Parrish, hurrying to the door.

In twenty minutes he returned, bringing the same doctor that had attended John at first.

"My God!" exclaimed the doctor on seeing his patient. "How does it come this man is here? He is the man who was wounded in escaping from the Golden Goose, two weeks ago! Gentlemen, this is nothing but downright murder!" he said in a whisper, after making a quick examination.

"I'm going to die, doctor, I feel it! I'm not in much pain, now, but something seems broken loose inside!" said John in a weak voice.

"Oh, no! I guess we can pull you through all right," answered the physician, with one of those white lies which seem to be justifiable at times. "Here, drink this," raising his head, and giving him a powerful stimulant.

"Oh, Lord!! Spare his life!! Don't let him die!! Don't let him go to his grave with his blood on my head! Save him, doctor! He's my brother!! Don't let him die!! God have mercy on my soul!! Oh, Ruth!! Oh, Charlie!!

Let me speak to him!! Ask his forgiveness!" begged the humbled mine owner in helpless, pitiful agony.

The doctor had stripped John's clothing to the waist, and was endeavoring to check the hemorrhage.

"Who is it that wants to speak to me?" asked John. "Speak quick, I feel smothery again!"

"It's me, John, your brother, Will—Mr. Parrish. Do you remember me?" said the unhappy man kneeling and grasping his brother's hand.

"Yes, yes, I remember! Are you my brother? You—"

"Yes, John, your brother Will! But I didn't know! Won't—you—forgive me—John. Say you do, please!"

"Yes, yes! If I've got to die, I want to die at peace with the whole world!! Give me a—drink—somebody, I'm choking!" he gasped.

"You'll have to leave him, Mr. Parrish," said the doctor.

The little party stood, whispering in awe-stricken tones, watching the doctor work, occasionally handing him some needed article.

"That is all I can do, friends. I fear he will not be alive in an hour!" said the doctor, concluding his labor and taking his departure.

The doctor had been gone about half an hour. The first faint streaks of the coming day were tinging the hills with red and gold, when John stirred uneasily.

"I'm going—Charlie! Raise me up! Look out for—Mary—and—the—babies—Charlie! Where are—you? Give—me—your hand! It's getting—dark! Where—is Will? Take—my—hand! There—forgive—each—other! Life is—short—we—never—know! Good-bye—kiss—Mary—and—" A violent fit of coughing seized him, the blood oozed from his lips, he sank back, gave a few convulsive twitches, and

the spirit of John Hope passed into the keeping of his Maker !
Passed to that land where strikes and lockouts are unknown !
Passed to that land where Krag-Jorgensens and bull pens
are not exalted as the Lord's reply to Cain's question: "Am
I my brother's keeper?"

Many days will the little flaxen-haired girl stand in
the doorway and call in vain: "Tum back, Papa ! Tum
back, Papa !"

CHAPTER XLII.

MORE MILITARY NECESSITY.

William Parrish hastened from the bull pen direct to military headquarters. He informed the guard stationed at the door that he must see General Bull immediately: "It can't be done, sir, the general would be very angry to be woken up so early in the day," replied the guard.

"Here, hand him this," writing a few words on the back of his card. "I must have a word with him at once on important business," slipping a dollar in the guard's hand.

The guard rapped at the door: "Who's there?"

"It's me, the guard, General. A gentlemen wants to see you on important business."

"Who is he? What does he want?"

"It's Mr. Parrish, sir. I don't know what he wants?" answered the guard.

"Oh! Tell him to wait a minute. All right," opening the door. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Parrish, come in; excuse my appearance. What can I do for you?" asked the general.

Mr. Parrish hastily explained his business, demanding the release of his wife, Mrs. Kimmel, Dolly, Mr. Kimmel, and Charlie Peck; also the body of John Hope.

The General reflected a moment, then said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Parrish, that I cannot do all you request; but it would be a breaking down of military discipline. I'll give you an order for the release of your wife, and the custody of the corpse. The other matters will have to wait until the convening of the military court at nine o'clock! ! He picked

up a pencil, wrote a few lines, then handed the note to Mr. Parrish.

"But, General, that horrible place isn't fit for ladies to be in, and——"

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I have done all I can do now. It is impossible to do more," placing his hand on the door-knob.

The crushed mine owner went out, called a cab, and proceeded to the pull pen. Presenting his order he went in, explained the situation, promised to use all his influence for the release of the other prisoners, and took his heart-broken wife to the cab. They stopped at the undertaker's and gave orders for preparations to be made for the burial of John Hope, then proceeded homeward.

Mrs. Parrish, when she learned all the deplorable details of John Hope's slavery in his brother's mine, and his awful experience in making his escape, was placed in the most embarrassing situation of her life. She was torn with conflicting emotions; turn which ever way she could, there seemed to be no answer to her question: "What shall I do?"

Endowed with a strong spiritual temperament, she silently breathed a prayer to Heaven for guidance. When she saw her husband's awful remorse at the result of his acts; when she saw and realized as no one else did how real and heart-felt was the merciless lashing of his conscience; when she saw him kneel at his dying brother's side and plead for forgiveness, her noble heart smote her with pity and sympathy for him. When she saw how nobly the dying brother forgave, saw him join the mourning brothers' hands with: "Life is too short!" all bitterness died away, leaving only the resolve to save him from the dreadful cannibalism of

which he was a part, and from which he was unable to save himself.

The unhappy couple sat in the cab with arms locked around each other, weeping in silent sympathy. Words were useless and inadequate. She knew the struggle that was going on in his heart; knew with each sigh that he uttered how remorselessly his conscience was scourging him; knew that no words she could speak would salve the self-inflicted wounds. She could only press his hand in silent sympathy and pour out her tears in mercy.

Arrived at home, he entered in a mechanical way. He tried to pull himself together, but his brain was in a whirl. Constantly arose before his vision the face of John Hope in death agony. He tried to eat, but could only sip a few swallows of coffee.

Mrs. Parrish begged him to lie down and get a little rest. He finally yielded, only to sink into a troubled, nervous slumber, broken by incoherent muttering and talking. Alarmed at his condition, she telephoned for a doctor. When he arrived and examined Mr. Parrish he administered an opiate and informed her the case was serious. Brain fever was imminent, and absolute quiet was all that would avert serious consequences.

* * * * *

At nine o'clock the military court was convened, the women brought from the bull pen, lectured on the enormity of the crime of disobedience of military orders in feeding starving women and children, and released.

The list of names of captured men was then gone over, twenty being marked for deportation, the others to be permitted to remain provided they would surrender their union cards and take out working permits from the mine owners.

Prominent members of the Citizens' Alliance and the Mine Owners' Association had been called in to advise regarding the different names.

"Gentlemen," said General Bull, "I had a call from Mr. Parrish this morning at an early hour, requesting the release of his wife, who was arrested last evening while carrying food to someone——"

"Served her right!" said Mr. Hamilton. "We have got to make an example of these women!"

"Parrish was terribly worked up. There was a man died down there last night that he said was his brother, as is this man Peck, that we had in custody over that train-wrecking affair. This is all very peculiar. He wanted Peck released, also this man Kimmel!"

"By G——d, General, there is nothing peculiar about it at all!" interrupted Hamilton. "I can see through the whole thing! Parrish has been weak in the knees for the last month! He tried to throw the Citizens' Alliance down by compromising with the d——d union—wanted to use us as a cat's-paw! He has taken no active part for two or three weeks. His wife got in the pen, he goes in after her, sees that fellow dying, his wife and them other women all get to bawling around after him, and he comes to you claiming kinship with the whole d——d outfit of dynamiters! It's too thin! I can see through the whole scheme! He thinks because he's a big gun here that he is the whole thing! I say let's run the whole gang out while we've got our hands on them!"

"Yes! Yes! Run them out! Make it so hot they'll never come back!" assented several voices.

"You are probably right, Mr. Hamilton," said the General. "It certainly looks very strange that a man like Par-

rich should have brothers working as common miners, and no one here even knowing that he had a brother in the country. I was going to say I had a note from his wife, saying he was sick and unable to come down in person. She said this dead man—Hope—and Parrish, Peck, and this preacher, Brown, were all brothers; but I guess we will pay no attention to the matter."

"That's a likely story!" said Captain Wall, indignantly. "Parrish hasn't got the nerve to face us fellows with any such yarn, so he plays the baby act and pleads sickness! Now they're trying to ring in that d——d preacher! He's got to go, too! He preached a regular Socialist sermon yesterday, so I'm told. Mrs. Parrish is very religious and is stuck on the preacher! She's afraid he'll have to go, so she sticks in the brother talk to save him!"

"We have started this good work, gentlemen, and I, for one, say we must not be influenced by anyone's position, high or low, rich or poor! If they uphold these d——d Socialists, let's fire them out, and be done with it!" remarked another Citizens' Alliance man.

"All right, gentlemen," said the General. "I have to be guided by your wishes. Whatever you say, goes. If there is nothing further to consider, we will adjourn."

Leaving headquarters, Captain Wall, summoning a posse, proceeded to the house of the Reverend James Brown.

"Well, Parson, we've come for you. We are going to give you a free ride," remarked the captain in an easy manner, when the minister came to the door.

"What is the meaning of this!" asked Mr. Brown, indignantly. "However, I needn't ask. I expected this might be a possible result of daring to be a man! I hoped that I

might remain to convert some of the barbarians in this county——”

“Cut it out, Parson! I’ll give you five minutes to get ready! Hustle now!”

Telling his wife to be brave, that the change must soon come, the minister kissed his children, strained his tearful wife to his bosom and departed with his captors. The meeting of Mr. Brown and Charlie Peck was very touching; and when their relationship and all the sad details had been gone over, the minister’s grief was a deplorable sight to witness.

At three o’clock the prisoners were marched out, their pockets searched, and all their valuables, even to their pocket-knives, were confiscated! Then, to the measured step of the armed guardians of law and order, they were marched to the depot. Crowds of men, women and children lined the way, seeking to get a farewell word with their fathers, husbands, brothers, sons and sweethearts. One poor old mother, sixty-five years of age, her whitened hair hanging over her shoulders, stood with trembling form waiting for her son, her only relative and sole support: “Be a good boy, John! Be a man! Don’t give up your union card!” she called, as her son passed.

“Silence!” said Captain Wall. “No talking to prisoners!”

When Mr. Kimmel, Mr. Brown and Charlie approached their loved ones they dared only look and smile the farewell their lips longed to speak. The women tried to smile through their tears, but it was a dismal failure. They could only wave their hands in answer. Into the cars the men were rushed, their steps being hurried by delicate little jabs of bayonets! The signal was given, the bell clanged, and another consignment of “Free American Citizens” were exiled! And still the strike was not broken.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. KIMMEL GIVES AWAY THE BRIDE.

The train bearing the unhappy exiles proceeded without incident until it reached Colorado Springs. Here had been their destination, but word having reached the city in advance of the train, a squad of police refused to allow the men to be unloaded. The city officials claimed that if they were as represented—a dangerous, lawless gang of desperadoes—they would not be desirable citizens, and the military had no right to dump a mob of undesirable toughs in their midst. The train was held five hours while the officer in command telegraphed General Bull for orders. After a long delay orders were received to proceed to Denver, where they arrived early the next morning, and were released. The men proceeded in a body to the headquarters of the Western Federation of Miners, where arrangements were made for their maintenance.

After getting something to eat, each of our friends sat down and wrote a letter to the women in Lame Brook, whom they knew would be anxiously waiting to hear from them.

In three days each received a letter addressed to a friend in Denver, they having instructed to send their letters in that way, it being understood that the postmasters throughout the different strike districts were doing their duty by holding mail sent to exiles.

When Charlie received his letter he retired to his room, eagerly tore the envelope, and read the following:

Lame Brook, Colo., June 19, 1904.

My Dear Charlie:

You can't imagine how relieved we were to hear that you were safe and among kind friends. I will come to you, starting a week from today.

I will not write you anything of the looting of Mr. Kimmel's store, as Mrs. Kimmel has written him full particulars. But the wrecking is complete; it must be seen to be realized.

The wrecking of the "Record" office you will no doubt get a full account of through the papers. The sight is beyond my power to describe; those great, costly linotypes ruined and part of them in the street a block away. Type is scattered across the street in front of the office. The loss is about \$8,000.

Mr. Parrish could not stand the strain and broke down after that never-to-be-forgotten night. He has brain fever, and was unable to attend the funeral. The funeral was the saddest thing I have ever witnessed; I can never get it from my mind.

Mrs. Parrish is one of the sweetest women I have ever met. She is just lovely, and those children of hers are the dearest little things! She says that Mr. Parrish is not to blame for the awful conditions. It is only that he is part of the horrid system. Maybe you will understand it. I know I can't, not entirely. Mrs. Brown seems awfully nice. I called to see her twice, and like her very much, but it is painful to see her suffering over the way things are.

Look for a letter every day, and expect me in a week, and then —with kisses by the thousand, I am, and always will be, your loving,

DOLLY.

P. S.—I have a great surprise for you when we meet. D.

In a week Dolly arrived in Denver. Charlie met her at the depot, took her to his boarding-house, introduced her to the landlady, Mrs. Gray, and together they set out shopping. They first proceeded to the headquarters of the Western Federation, where they got the Secretary to accompany them to the bank and identify them in cashing a ten thousand dollar draft, Mrs. Parrish's gift to Dolly!

Drawing three hundred dollars, they went to milliners, dressmakers, and dry goods stores, sending home packages of all sorts; and when they finally turned their steps home-ward Charlie was loaded with a collection of small pack-

ages which, he jokingly remarked, "Gives me a foretaste of what I am undertaking."

That evening at nine o'clock, in Mrs. Gray's parlor, Charlie Peck and Dolly Walsh stood up, and the Reverend James Brown pronounced them man and wife. Mr. Kimmel gave away the bride with the remark: "I feel as though I am giving away my own daughter, and I know that I could never give you to a braver, nobler, more whole-souled man than you have chosen! My sincere wish is that the present stormy scenes will soon be swept away, and that no other cloud will ever mar your lives. That you may continue on in that perfect trust you now feel for each other, until the Great Ruler shall call you to your final account, even as He will call each of us!"

After congratulations had been exchanged, Dolly said: "Now for your surprise Charlie; wait a minute!"

She soon returned with a slip of yellow paper which she placed in Charlie's hand. "Read it!" she cried.

"Why, it's a draft for ten thousands dollars from Mr. Parrish—Will!"

"His wedding gift to you! Mrs. Parrish gave me ten thousand, and he sends the same! Ha, ha! I fooled you, sir! You thought my present was the surprise I had in store! Well, truly it was when I wrote, for he wasn't able to sit up, and didn't know of my plans. But two days ago he sat up the first time, and when Mrs. Parrish told him we were to be married he said he must send you a little wedding present."

"Well, I'm sure it's very acceptable—at the present time, anyhow. Poor fellow, I always knew his heart was right; it's his head that has been wrong! He's not to blame for it, either. This whole system is founded on the principle of

'skin or be skinned,' and until the system can be changed to a rational co-operative one I don't blame any man for choosing the least of the two evils—for both are evils, alike. Both are degrading to the noble qualities of manhood and womanhood."

"You can't imagine how terribly he has suffered, dear! His eyes are sunken, his cheeks hollow, and his hair is getting quite gray in places! Mrs. Parrish says he never had a gray hair before! He can hardly talk about poor John! As soon as he begins his voice chokes right up and he has to turn his head to hide the tears! She says he cries sometimes in the night, until his pillow is wet with tears!"

"Poor—fellow!" sighed Mr. Brown, blowing his nose, and walking across the room to a center-table, where he began examining some photographs.

"Yes, he is planning to get rid of his mining property as fast as possible. As soon as the doctor thinks it is safe for him to travel they will leave Lame Brook. Mrs. Parrish says he is really a Socialist, but is reluctant to come out and show his colors," said Dolly.

"'Tis thus our fears make cowards of us all!" said Mr. Kimmel.

At midnight, Mr. and Mrs Peck took a berth in the sleeper "Idlewild" on their wedding journey. They were going first to Detroit to see Mrs. Hope and provide for her and the children. Next to see Dolly's parents, and then the Exposition at St. Louis.

Charlie declares that as soon as Justice has been resurrected, and resumes her normal sway over the destinies of men, he will return to Lame Brook and take up the fight for the liberty, freedom and equality of all men with renewed energy.

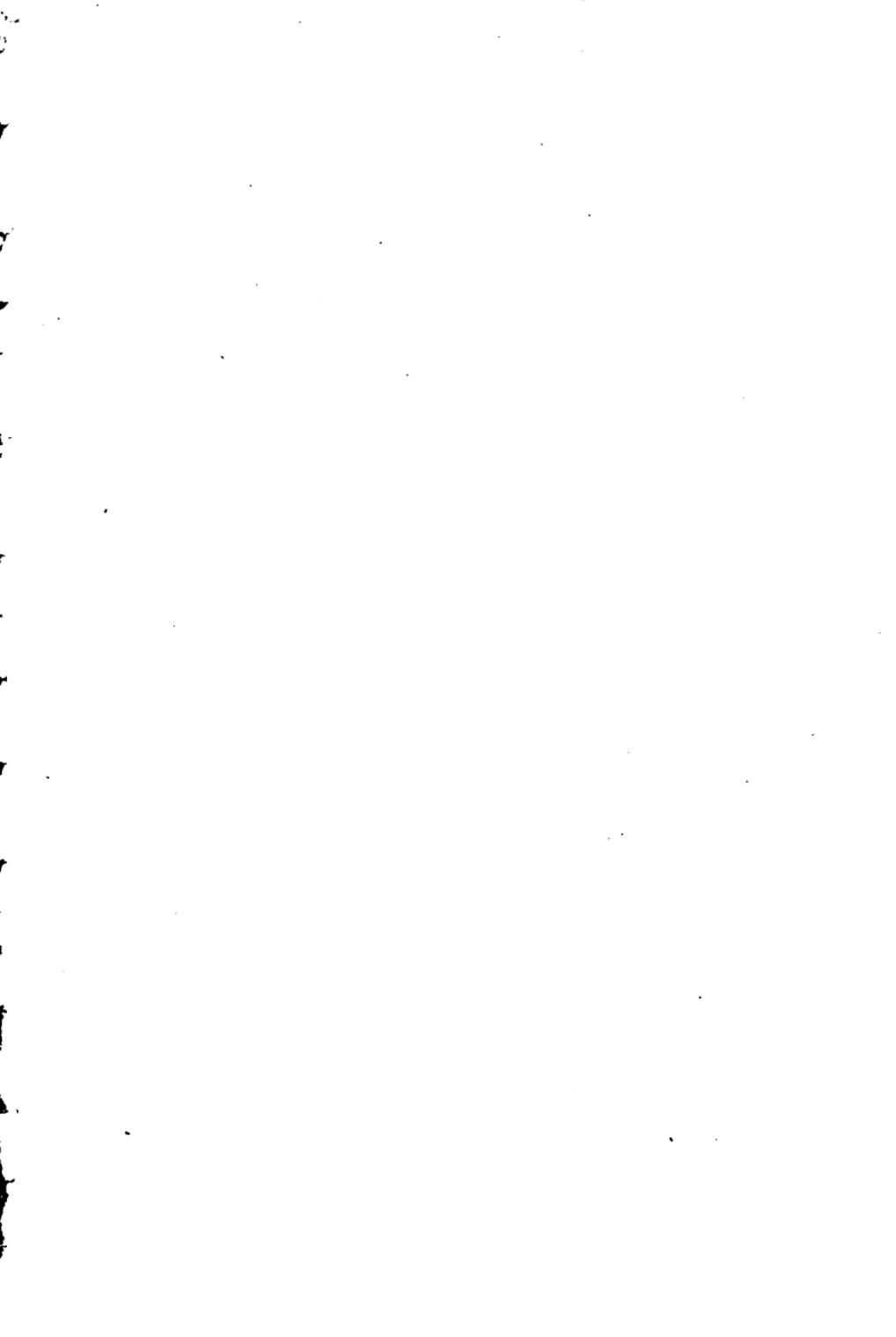
James Brown sent for his family to come to Denver, where he rented a comfortable home for them. As soon as they were well settled he began a course of study in economics, fitting himself, as he said: "To carry unto all men the only sane, rational, religious creed or system that has been devised since the Carpenter of Nazareth walked the earth and preached the Brotherhood of Man."

THE END.













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